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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Sir Alexander Acland Hood is retiring from the Chief Whipship of the Unionist party. There seems to be no doubt about it. One cannot be surprised that he should want a rest. He has had a hard time: it has been his ill-luck to be Chief Whip through a dark phase of his party's history. We say ill-luck deliberately, for the inevitable period of depression had set in and nothing Sir Alexander could do or leave undone could avert it. We do not say, of course, that he has no defects as Chief Whip—that would be absurd—he is not the most affable of men, and there are those who have their grievances against him. But he is strong and straight, and a tremendous worker. It is fair, too, to remember that in some ways Mr. Balfour is not the easiest leader to be Chief Whip under. It would be easier under a more ordinary mortal.

We are delighted at the choice of Sir Alexander's successor, and could have no misgivings at all did we not find everyone else delighted too. A plébiscite of the party in the House would certainly have selected Lord Balcarras for Chief Whip. Over and over again have we heard him named as the right man for the job. Lord Balcarras certainly has most of the good fairy's gifts—good birth, good looks, good brains, good heart; and he is the right age. He is not a mere politician. Like his father, Lord Crawford, he is a lover of rare books, and he has a really good knowledge of art. How will that help him to manage a political party? some may say. At any rate it is a good symptom, for a man is usually not much good who has no hobbies. And Lord Balcarras is quite in touch with the country—more than most people know—he sits for a working-class constituency which he runs very

democratically, and he knows something of the life of the poor. In his time he has lived amongst them.

The report in the "Times" that Mr. Buckmaster is to be offered Reading and the Solicitor-Generalship is odd and interesting. We wonder how Reading will relish the idea of being a borough in the pocket, the ticket-pocket, of the Government. It recalls the days before the flood, the days of the Rockinghams. Shall Mr. Buckmaster pose for Burke? But the reported appointment is interesting for another reason. Mr. Buckmaster, we seem to remember, played a part of some independence in the debate on the "People's Budget". He spoke straight against the Government once or twice—if he did not vote straight against them. Can the camel then pass through the needle's eye, the independent man enter the kingdom of heaven—that is the secular heaven of politicians, the Government? He can, especially perhaps if a lawyer in practice; but he must know exactly where to draw the line as an independent.

Everyone who has moved in politics, or watched them with attention, knows that independence is at once the best card in the party pack and the worst. There are three or four brilliant men to-day out of the Government, out of Parliament indeed, who have found it a bad card. That is because they have played it too straight. They have "planked" it down on the table; and as a result the people who arrange the card tables have taken very good care that these bold and fearless players shall not be allowed to cut in when a fresh game starts. The thing is not to play the card, but to play with it. The card must not be much more than insinuated. Mr. Buckmaster was judiciously independent. Reading and six thousand a year should be the reward of merit.

The Prime Minister refused to tell Sir Frederick Banbury this week when a Plural Voting Bill is going to be introduced—it is "a question of which notice should be given". But there is not the least doubt that the Government has the card up its sleeve and is going to play it before the game of this Parliament is over. Sir Edward Carson styled the bill, if we remember aright, the bill of a sneak. Some will prefer to style it the

bill of a cheat. We notice there are still members of the Government who keep up the pretence about Liberals wanting only fair play in the Lords as between party and party. Mr. McKenna played with this pretence in a speech on Wednesday. Well if they are set upon fair play in the Lords they are certainly set upon foul in the House of Commons. To touch the plural vote without touching the gross and admitted evil of Irish over-representation is not sneaking so much as downright cheating.

Apart from the foulness of the play consider its almost incredible meanness! The Government, largely through a piece of extraordinary good luck for themselves—the Coronation year—have largely got their way or, much the same thing, the way of their masters the Irish Nationalists, in the matter of the House of Lords. They have won two elections within a year or so. They are able by a system of log-rolling to impose their will—or the will of their masters—on England though England has at the polls declared strongly against them. They have a great bill to the fore now which the Unionist party is treating with marked kindness. They hope to be able to carry Home Rule which defied the power and genius of Gladstone and broke his party. Yet this is not enough. They must stoop to the dodge of tampering with the franchise in such a way as to strike, as they hope, at the Conservatives and at the same time benefit themselves. Could party smallness further go?

We quite agree that they could not possibly touch the question of Irish over-representation. That would be an act of suicide and madness. The Irish Nationalist party would instantly rise against them, and throw them out of power. Besides, even imagine the unimaginable—that the Irish Nationalists would not rebel against such a stroke—it would still be suicide; for the loss of a number of Irish Nationalist seats, with the addition of a number of seats in England to the Conservatives, would be fatal to the Government. But if we excuse the Government for not wishing to commit suicide honourably, this is not to excuse them for wishing to take the lives of their opponents dishonourably.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Birmingham on his insurance scheme was not a bad piece of gas illumination. It was decorative and bright and served no useful purpose. Illumination devices are always the poorest of things apart from their gas. They have no form nor beauty in themselves. Once Mr. Lloyd George had done speaking—once the gas was turned off—what was left? The dark places in the Bill were as dark as before; in fact the unilluminated details seem rather darker than ever. One does not expect a man to expose the weak points in his own child; but when everyone is kindly interested in the child, when everyone would adopt it, the father might take the world into his confidence and not merely expatiate on the child's perfections. Mr. Lloyd George will want all the help he can get to rear this child with all the general good will and he will not do this by blinking its weaknesses.

Lord Rosebery still! How characteristic his outburst against the invasion of the Englishman's home. He can no longer boast proudly that his house is his castle; for cannot the valuer under the Finance Act enter the house, whether the householder like it or not? The letter is good to read. But what did Lord Rosebery do to stop the Finance Bill which was to allow this awful violation of domestic sanctity? He would not even support its rejection in the Lords. And has Lord Rosebery done any single thing in the whole of his life to stem the tide of "interfering" legislation? All these social reforms necessitate inspection, and Lord Rosebery has supported them all. And really how often is anyone annoyed by an inspector? It has oftener been very hard to get hold of him. Lord Rosebery's indignation is surely futile.

It would seem from the sort of debate at question time in the House on Thursday that the run on the

Birkbeck in some degree was due to the Boers! With what zest the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in his Boers! We say "his Boers" because we all recall how he comforted them with his speech of sympathy during the war. The worst of these Radical speeches and sympathies was that they persuaded the Boers to prolong the war.

By the by, there was a singular feature of the statement made for the Government by the accountant of the Birkbeck Bank. What made him drag in the Boer War? Why did he not simply state the dates when his securities depreciated? We should like to know his politics.

Meantime the Birkbeck Bank has already paid half its debts to depositors, and possibly in the end depositors will not greatly lose. But the failure of the Birkbeck, even if it ruined no one, is a very serious calamity; for no similar institution can henceforth be considered a safe place for the savings of the thrifty men and women who have been attracted by its obvious convenience and advantage. The Post Office gives some of the advantage; but it is not convenient for small depositors who want to draw money readily and often. As an institution nationally useful Mr. Bernard Shaw would bring the national exchequer to the rescue. But surely it is a dangerous proposal that the State should rescue a private enterprise that has collapsed. State-banks, if you will; but not private banks to be helped out of their difficulties on every occasion. Mr. Shaw's analogy of an earthquake will not do. You do not encourage earthquakes to happen again by helping their victims.

Mr. Gibson Bowles points out in a letter in Tuesday's "Standard" that the Post Office Savings Bank is in a much worse position than the Birkbeck Bank. The liabilities of the Post Office Savings Bank to its depositors are £150,000,000 according to Mr. Bowles, payable at call or at a few days' notice, "and its cash in hand usually amounts to appreciably less than £500,000." Against these liabilities the Post Office Savings Bank holds in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners Consols and terminable annuities. As the price of Consols falls the margin between liabilities and assets widens, and in 1903, with Consols at 88½, the figures published in a Treasury paper showed a deficiency of £11,033,060. Now, with Consols down to 80, the deficiency, Mr. Bowles calculates, must be about £20,000,000. We quite agree with Mr. Bowles that the Treasury ought to lay on the table of the House of Commons an annual account of the Post Office Savings Bank.

What would happen, asks Mr. Bowles, in the event of a run on the Post Office Savings Banks? Presumably the National Debt Commissioners would have to sell Consols, which would fall further in consequence. The matter is not improved by the fact that a portion of the assets are invested in terminable annuities; we believe about £40,000,000. We suppose that terminable annuities are not a liquid security; or are they? Mr. Bowles, whose knowledge of this recondite subject is unrivalled, can perhaps tell us whether terminable annuities are saleable on the Stock Exchange. We never met anyone who held a Government annuity, but holders there may be. The fear of a run on the Post Office Savings Bank is, however, groundless. The National Debt Commissioners, that is the British Government, are liable to the depositors both for interest and capital. That fact alone must prevent a run, which is generally produced by sentiment or fears of the imagination. There was a general run on the banks in the United States in 1907, but the American system of banking and currency is different from ours. We trade on an enormous scale with very little gold. But a run on the British Government is outside practical politics.

We are all small-holders now—at least, as things are going, there are not likely to be many large holders much longer. The debate in the House on Wednesday discovered the usual enthusiasm for potato plots and fowl-

runs for the million. Two more Small Holdings Commissioners (one a sterling Radical politician) have been appointed, and surely the day is near when we shall all be growing our own food, whilst the County Councils will find us lodging, and the nearest land bank will find the money. The "few paternal acres" may be denied us—because the Government insist that the small holder must never own, he must always rent his place—but shall we have a real care or trouble about to-morrow when, in the poet's dream, our herds with milk, our fields with bread, and our flocks supply us with attire? Most decidedly when we realise this state we shall be able, like the happy man in Pope, to live unseen and unknown, and finally

"Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where we lie".

Meanwhile there are, the debate proved, still a few stumbling-blocks to the happy life. The farmers in some places are doing well, and it is necessary to evict them as well as evict the owners of the land. The Rev. Silvester Horne's brother and the other Commissioners will have to "ginger" the authorities, if we may borrow from Mr. Churchill's choice vocabulary. The gamekeepers, moreover, must be got down somehow. Mr. Roberts, M.P. for Norwich, argued in the debate that the gamekeepers were encouraging the rats by killing the cats. It reminds one of Darwin's theory of cats, old maids, bumble bees, mice and clover. Mr. Roberts M.P. would soon make gamekeepers as rare as Mr. Everett, once an M.P. in the same part of England, would have made rabbits. Liberal shooting syndicates had better beware. And how will Mr. Harcourt's pheasants fare with no gamekeeper to look after them?

Tuesday's discussion at the Imperial Conference of the question of Imperial citizenship brought into the mind at every turn one very striking contrast. Think for a moment of the togati; then turn to this of Mr. Churchill: "No Imperial Act on this subject ought to deal with the self-governing Dominions except and only in so far as it was adopted by the Parliaments of those Dominions. . . Each Dominion must be the judge as to the conditions under which a certificate of naturalisation could be granted. It would be impossible for them sitting round that table to establish uniform Imperial conditions of naturalisation." There cannot, in fact, be citizens of Britain as there were citizens of Rome.

Sir Joseph Ward went furthest towards the Roman ideal, but even he was forced to dwell on the necessity of every Dominion having its own local powers of naturalisation. Some progress the Conference did make. As things are, the anomalies are many and ludicrous. A man who is a British citizen in Canada comes to England, and ceases to be a British citizen as soon as he sets foot in Britain. Even Sir Wilfrid Laurier could urge that this was not becoming in the laws of an Empire; and Mr. Churchill, in laying down the principles of an Imperial bill of rights, insisted that five years in one part of the Empire should be as good as five years in another. At present five years' residence outside the United Kingdom does not help at all to make a citizen in the view of the Home Government. To change this an Imperial act is necessary. All were unanimous; and the bill is to be drafted at once. The Conference could do no less if resolved that Imperial citizenship shall not be entirely vain.

Sir Joseph Ward is disappointed to find only vapoury sentiment in Whitehall. At the Colonial Institute on Tuesday he did not attempt to disguise his regret that the Imperial Conferences have failed egregiously to advance the organisation of the Empire. Sentiment has had full rein now for a third of a century. It is time we came to practical business. Sir Joseph Ward has the courage to say what many feel.

The Spanish advance into Morocco seems to have ceased almost as soon as it began. At all events at present there is no sign that it is to be a serious expedi-

tion. Certainly nobody believes that there was any real attack upon Larache. Whether the thirty horsemen who galloped about in the neighbourhood one evening and let off their rifles were disguised "friendlies" or what they were nobody knows. Any way there is no real threat to the Spanish settlements. Probably the explanation is that the Spanish Government wish to warn France that they will stand no permanent occupation, or they may have intended to make a travesty of the French expedition for the instruction of the world. If so, the irony is not bad though the joke is rather subtle and might mislead the simple.

Are the Young Turks really climbing down in Albania? It looks like it. But the Albanians will hardly accept Tourgut Pacha's offer without being very sure this time that they are to receive valuable consideration for their surrender. They will hardly disarm a second time without very strong guarantees of fair treatment. Once bit twice shy. But the chauvinist element among the Turks has had a timely reminder that it may go too far for the patience of Europe even to-day. Russia's move has evidently had more effect than was believed in at first. Austria was thereby forced into action and clinched the matter. Even the military members of the Committee are not so foolish as to believe that they can withstand two great Powers if they elect to take action. The lamentable thing for us is the complete eclipse of British influence. We shall be curious to see when the Albanians get the £10,000 promised by the Sultan to repair the damage done by his soldiers.

Austria is taking the general election very quietly. The real division of parties is racial, and the number of seats for every race is fixed by law. The result is an absence of excitement and a very large number of candidates, roughly one for every possible combination of groups. In general the main interest attaches to the fortunes of the Christian Socialist party, an inter-racial organisation which faces its first election since the death of its founder Dr. Lueger. Lueger's anti-Semitism was of a peculiar kind. He objected not to the Jew as such but to the Jewish capitalist who sweated the poor and called himself a Liberal of the orthodox individualist school. Since Lueger's death, however, the guidance of the party has passed into the hands of men of lower type whose vulgar intolerance has alienated some of the clergy. The earlier polls indicate that the party is losing ground a little. The Reichsrath will certainly gain in dignity and prestige if the election ends in the defeat of some of its rowdiest members.

The long-threatened international strike of seamen started on Wednesday, but it is hardly on its legs and its prospects are doubtful. In this country, in France, Belgium, and Holland the strikes that have taken place are so far not on a large scale, and they are rather of a sporadic character. It is reported from New York that there is no strike so far except on the coastwise lines. An explanation is given that the seamen contract in England for the round trip, and desertion would make them liable to criminal prosecution in England, where they would be deported by the United States as undesirable aliens. The representative of the International Seamen's Union says there will be no strike and the steamers will leave for Europe in the ordinary way.

Quite possibly, however, the strike may be happening here, as this particular moment is a favourable one, owing to the Coronation. At the last Seamen's International Conference the decision as to the time for declaring the strike was left with the leaders. In England the signal seems to have been acted on more promptly than abroad; and in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Cardiff, Bristol, Southampton, Hull, and other ports fairly large preparatory meetings have been held. Some hundreds of men have refused to sail, and at Southampton the owners of the White Star liner



"Olympic" conceded higher wages. The demand of the seamen has been for a National Conciliation Board; but the Shipping Federation has declined to agree, and the strike now is based on a demand for a higher scale of wages.

His Honour Judge Bacon was the oldest Judge on the County Court Bench, as his father, Sir James Bacon, last Vice-Chancellor and Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, was the oldest of the Judges on the High Court Bench when he retired. Sir James Bacon remained on the Bench till he was much over eighty, and was more than ninety when he died. His son was in harness up to the time of his death at the age of seventy-nine. He inherited besides his longevity much of the wit and humour for which his father was distinguished. His intellectual gifts might have won, as they deserved, a higher place, but he knew the world too well not to realise that those who gain merely professional distinction often lose more than they gain.

The success of Mr. Philip Morrell and Lord Henry Bentinck in persuading the House of Commons to recommit the S. Paul's Bridge Bill against all the heavy weights of Corporation, County Council, etiquette, and the ancient prejudice of the House when "art" is in question, was without precedent and is indeed cheering. The recent movement in Parliament against the appalling scheme for a King Edward memorial was not based so much on the wrongheadedness of the scheme, as on the fact that it interfered with a park. In this case the plea definitely was that the scheme was wrongheaded artistically, and the plea was listened to. The artists appear to be in right on the point of traffic as well as of effect, and there is no reason why the tramway need follow the line of the street. The expensive warehouses involved could doubtless be shifted to the scheduled site. This is a beginning of good sense that we hope will be followed up in other ways. The House of Lords some years ago admitted the case of the public against the administration of the Chantry Fund. Some day the House of Commons will call the Academy to account on that and other heads.

We trust Mr. Lloyd George has not noted the figures at the sale of the Huth autographs—he is quite capable of using them for an argument that there is still plenty of money in England to get hold of in the Treasury's name; and then, having beggared the rest of the flock—house owners and land owners and the struggling middle classes—he will come down in the last resort on the goose that lays the golden MSS. These figures are amazing. Fielding's receipt for the money paid for "Tom Jones" fetched over one thousand pounds! Letters written by Luther and Raleigh fetched together a sum that might have assured Chatterton a comfortable old age or have saved Coleridge from the painful charity of his friends. We wonder, by the way, how many people read Raleigh to-day. Perhaps five educated people out of each thousand in England know that he wrote a few of the noblest poems in the language.

Coronating may be glorious fun for those who have nothing else to do—we do not say they could have anything better to do—but to us unfortunates who have to work—well, we look at the gilt angels in Whitehall and remind ourselves that coronations are like their visits. Pitiful wretch is he who must work when everybody else is playing. He is very much out of the picture, as he feels, yet has to be in it. He must get to his place of work through crowds laid out wholly for play. They would see at their leisure; the highway is for them; they are not to be moved on. Let the working devil, as a Chinaman might say, wait. He does wait, and wonders whether for him it is all going to end in a coronator's inquest instead of a coronation. But the Londoner can take things patiently, even to being crowded out of his own city, which he can hardly see for the wood. After all he would be more sick if the rest of the world did not come to the Coronation. It is but human frailty if he feels that loyalty might sit more lightly on him "by the melancholy main" or "deep in the shady sadness of a vale."

#### THE UNCHANGING THRONE.

HOW amazingly English it all is. In the middle of a revolution, which will abolish two out of the three estates of the realm and make our Government (we quote Bryce) the least tempered democracy, next to Hayti, in the world, we adjourn to take part in a gorgeous and venerable Rite, handed down from dim ages of the past through twelve centuries of practically uninterrupted sovereignty, every word and ceremony of which gives democracy the lie and assumes the mystical basis of kingship, the supernatural sacrosanctity of authority and rule. Instead of yawning over the Parliament Bill the nation is all eager alacrity and enthusiasm over the King's robes and the Queen's crown and the eight Flemish horses which are to draw the gilded coach; and the better informed can tell you of the threefold legend of the Abbey, and the Confessor's shrine, and much more that is delightful and romantic. The "Daily News" itself discusses the ingredients of the anointing oil. Even the announcement that Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, has arrived in London stirs only a faint flutter of respectful admiration, while mention of the Colonial Premiers induces a feeling of boredom, for the yremind us somehow of our own tiresome and prosaic parliamentary institutions. Is it all childish frivolity, all mere gaping at a show, all a Roman holiday? By no means. For all his conventional left-centre bringing up and civil-and-religious-liberty formulas, the average Englishman has at the back of his mind or, as it is the fashion now to say, in his subliminal consciousness, an instinctive belief that democracy is only a makebelieve, that popular government is not really government at all, that all authority is, in Montalembert's phrase, attached to the clouds, and that if national affairs ever come to a crisis there is the majestic Throne to fall back upon, the one permanent and unchanging rock in all the flux of parties and politicians.

The Coronation is in theory a matter between the King and the Church on the one hand, and the King and his nobility on the other. For it is "You who come this day to do your Homage" that are challenged by the Primate at the four sides of the Theatre, "Are you willing to do the same?" The Commons have no part or official place in the ceremony, and sit with their wives and daughters and without their Speaker in merely assigned seats. And it is from the Church that the King receives the seat and state of royal and imperial dignity, "which is this day delivered unto you, in the name and by the authority of Almighty God, by the hands of us the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy". Yet it is doubtful if there will ever be another Coronation, for where will the Church be, constitutionally, a generation hence? And the dukes, the marquesses, the earls, the viscounts and the barons seated in the south transept, if these have so little belief in themselves and in their Order as to surrender tamely as soon as the Coronation is over, might as well be robed and coronetted wax-work figures. By the bye, if they had been five hundred or so more by this time, where could room have been found in the church for the novi homines and for the peeresses their wives? The public, however, thinks nothing, cares nothing, about all this. The Baronage of England may commit suicide or be swept away. As for the Church, Lord Lansdowne suggested the other day that the seven archbishops and bishops in the reconstituted House of Lords should be balanced by the Chief Rabbi, Archbishop Bourne, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and so forth. The Coronation then would also have to be shared with these divines or handed over to them, and the last "invidious privilege of Establishment", as the Bishop of Chester would call it, would be gone. But what cares the public? If the House of Commons followed the Peers and the Episcopates it would be equally indifferent. It is the King that matters. The monarchy will still be there.

And the ditones transmarinæ, as the royal style calls them, the dominions beyond the seas—pagan India,



puritan colonies—as well as presbyterian Scotland and papist Ireland, they are all looking to this Anglican solemnity, this august feudal rite, as the religious consecration of their Emperor and King. The Crown is much more than a golden link of empire. Links only couple, and they may break; but the Monarchy really holds in one this Island and the British lands “beyond the baths of the sea-fowl”. It does this by the force of imagination, which is more than sentiment, and a mightier thing than commercial interest. Is it credible that the old proud nations of India would obey a committee of M.P.’s sitting at Whitehall? They submitted to John Company—till 1857—but behind the Company was the monarch of England. Turn back to England. It is the Throne which stops a fissiparous particularism from developing into a national break-up. It is the Throne which keeps Church and State from open rupture, for there still stands between the spirituality and the third estate “our religious and gracious King”, “mediator”, as the Coronation Service styled him until James II., “betwixt the clergy and laity”, over all persons supreme.

This is not an Erastian idea. No one will accuse the middle ages of Erastianism. Yet, strangely enough, it was for the mutilated sacring of our one Roman Catholic sovereign in 1685 that the lofty theocratic phrases were first omitted, and the sacramental hallowings of the sword, the crown, the ring and other regalia altered. Except for this limited protestantising of the service by James II. and some further slight impairments of the language and ceremonies in the Reform era of 1831—when the Coronation was nearly abolished—the Rite has come down to us from early Saxon times almost unaltered. That learned Romanist, the late Lord Bute, observed that “the variations in the pre-Reformation times were greater than those which separate the form used for Queen Victoria from that embodied in the *Liber Regalis*”. Could there be a stranger exemplification of historic continuity than that, let us say, the most lay of Philistines William IV. vested “like as a bishop should say mass” in alb, dalmatic and pallium, and standing at the altar steps “more subdiaconi, imitando Melchisedek” to offer the materials of the Eucharist, or exchanging the kiss of peace with Archbishop Howley and the grim Duke of Wellington? For George IV.’s Coronation the precious MS. of Abbot Lytlington was put into print. Neither the ancient changes of dynasty, nor the Reformation, nor the abolition of the feudal system in 1661, nor the Revolution, nor the era of Benthamite utilitarianism, nor the advent of modern democracy, has effected any vital alteration of the form and manner of an English Coronation, which remains unique in Christendom. The Tudors were crowned with the old Latin rite. For the Stuarts the service was Englished and the reformed Eucharistic Order used, but otherwise, except for James II., a strict conservatism prevailed. William and Mary were too uncertain on their thrones to wish to weaken religious sanctions of rule, and in some points the service was actually improved in 1689. The Whigs in 1831 got rid of everything except the service itself, but that was only slightly injured. In fact their Majesties will next Thursday be consecrated in practically the same way in which we know Eadbert was “hallowed to king” in 737 or Judith “hallowed to queen” in 856.

#### THE PLURAL VOTERS BILL AGAIN.

NOT incredible, but impudent, is the adjective we should apply to the announcement of the Government’s intention to pass the Plural Voters Bill this session. How do Ministers think that they are going to pass it? The Parliament Bill is not law yet, thank Heaven! And without the machinery of a law which enables them to dispense with law, how are the Government going to induce the House of Lords to pass at the end of August or the beginning of September a bill to deprive the owners of property of their votes? There are limits to the appetite of the peers for Radical legisla-

tion; and if they swallow, with or without amendments, the Parliament Bill, the probability, or rather the certainty is that their gorge will rise at the bill for the abolition of the plural vote. What then is the meaning of the announcement, made by the pen of the Cabinet’s jester in a Sunday journal, that the Government intend to pass a bill for the disfranchisement of their political opponents? Was Sir Henry Lucy the chosen instrument because the whole thing is a joke? It is not unlikely, for Sir Henry’s cap and bells have ceased to ring in the ears of a public now turned towards more highly placed and serious buffoons. The Government intend to pass during this session the Plural Voters Bill! Do they indeed? Ministers are not such fools as to imagine that they can pass it: then why this childish piece of bluff? The common explanation in the press is that it is the advance courier of dissolution: that anticipating the insistence of the peers on their “grave amendments” to the Parliament Bill, and the refusal of the King to create five hundred peers, the Government are preparing for a general election by robbing their adversaries of the franchise. But that is precisely the reason why the House of Lords will throw out the Bill incontinently, and without an hour’s hesitation. This cannot be the meaning of the sudden introduction or revival of the Plural Voters Bill. There is another explanation, which we believe to be the true one. It is not because they intend another appeal to the country, but because they do not, that the Government are instructing Mr. Harcourt to pass this Bill through the House of Commons. The truth is that Ministers anticipate the passing of the Parliament Bill, and they want to make the Plural Voters Bill the very first measure to come under the operation of the two-years veto, because, in the event of their being forced to go to the country on their Home Rule Bill before that period has expired, they desire to minimise the chances of a defeat. Let us explain how the thing will work. In the event of the Parliament Bill becoming law this session, and the Plural Voters Bill passing the House of Commons this session, then at the beginning of the session of 1914, or even at the end of 1913 by the holding of an autumn session, the Plural Voters Bill will become an Act of Parliament and receive the assent of the Crown without the consent of the House of Lords. This is of course assuming that the same Plural Voters Bill is passed three times by the House of Commons and rejected three times by the House of Lords. But in the meantime, during the session of 1912, the Government have produced their Home Rule Bill, the details of which, we will imagine, have aroused a storm of opposition in all parts of the Kingdom. If the storm is very strong, if it blows a hurricane, the Government will not be able, they will not dare, to bring their Home Rule Bill under the operation of the Parliament Act (as it will be then), and simply to wait for the efflux of time to pass it without the House of Lords. The Government will be compelled by pressure from out-of-doors and the press to take the opinion of the country. But they will wait till the end of 1913 or the beginning of 1914 before they dissolve—filling up the interval possibly by the re-introduction of the Home Rule Bill or as best they can—because by that time the plural voters will be disfranchised without the consent of the Lords. This is the reason why the Government are in such a hurry to get the Plural Voters Bill through the House of Commons before any other bill: they are determined that it shall be the first measure to come out of their new parliamentary dispensing machine.

But there is another thing about this move which makes it very interesting. The move, as a piece of parliamentary tactics, is based on the assumption that the Parliament Bill becomes law this session. Without that event the whole calculation breaks down, and the manoeuvre invites a defeat. Ministers, therefore, unless merely insolent, must have made up their minds that the Parliament Bill is going to become law. There are only two ways in which the Government can be sure about that: either the Prime Minister has received assurances from the Sovereign more definite and exten-

sive than what the world supposes: or Ministers have decided to accept the amendments of the Lords to the Parliament Bill. Of course the Cabinet know by this time what the "grave amendments" of Lord Midleton are going to be. At the eleventh hour have Ministers come to the wise conclusion that they had better modify their Parliament Bill than risk the refusal of the Crown to a wholesale creation, or the ridicule of that solution, or the chances of another election? Of course we do not, cannot possibly know what assurances, if any, the Prime Minister has received from the King about a creation. Most well-informed persons treat the assurances as non-existent. If they are right, then are there very good reasons why the Government should be willing to come to terms with Lord Lansdowne. Whatever the King may have thought about allowing his prerogative to be abused as a party weapon three months ago, he has probably changed his mind by this time. The King must see as clearly as the club-man, the journalist, or even the man in the street, that the wheels of the Asquith chariot are beginning to drive heavily in the sands of the Insurance and Shop Hours Bills. A Sovereign might be disposed to stretch a point in favour of a Minister whom he saw to be in enjoyment of undiminished popularity with the masses. But his disposition would be different towards a Minister whose policy was arousing hostility in various quarters. But if the King should refuse to create peers, Mr. Asquith has nothing for it but another general election. We may be tolerably certain that the last persons in England who want an election at this hour are his Majesty's Ministers. Then they must take a turn at eating humble pie, and digest as best they may the amendments of the Lords to the Parliament Bill. It cannot be necessary to say more than a few words about the principle of a measure, which proposes to deprive a man, who is entitled under the existing law to vote wherever he is qualified, of that ancient right. In these timorous days, when the Conservative politician starts like a guilty thing at the bare mention of the rights of property, we must say that we believe the just defence of those rights to be an especial duty of the Conservative party, though in a momentary absence of mind Mr. Balfour denied it. But we are conscious that this doctrine is too strong meat for the stomach of our decadent, democratic Tories. Let us put it therefore in another way. Just as it used to be said in the old days, the extension of the franchise must be accompanied by the redistribution of seats, so the contraction of the franchise must be accompanied by the redistribution of seats. If it must be one man one vote, then it must also be one vote, one value. This can never be until some forty seats are transferred from Ireland to the home counties of England. The heaviest charge which Mr. Balfour will have to answer at the bar of history will be that during a period of ten years, from 1895 to 1906, with both Houses of Parliament at his command, he did not redistribute political power in accordance with intelligence, population and wealth.

#### MEMBERS' SALARIES AND TESTS.

**M**EMBERS of Parliament will henceforward be civil servants. This will be the natural consequence of their receiving salaries of £400 a year. "Salary", by the way, is the word consistently used both officially and unofficially in connexion with the matter. In France, the deputies of the Chamber do not admit for one moment that they are paid a salary for their services. They receive an "indemnity". The English member of Parliament's sense of dignity is apparently less thin-skinned. He is content to be "salaried". The distinction is perhaps mainly one of words, and the practical outcome of the new situation in England may very well be identical with what it is in France. In France it is notorious that a considerable number of the less well-to-do deputies spend their "indemnities" before they are due, disposing of them in advance for a lump sum to a usurer, the

usurer's risk being, of course, that the deputy may prematurely die or that a general dissolution of Parliament may take place at an abnormally early date. These "indemnities" are liable to seizure by creditors, and on pay-day the curious visitor to Paris may see quite a little queue of impecunious legislators hurrying to the Chamber to withdraw their "indemnities" at the earliest possible hour so as to forestall the dreaded "huissier" or process server, with his garnishee order. Obviously the deputies who find themselves in this awkward pass are at the mercy of the Government. Supposing their "indemnity" to have been seized, "il faut toujours vivre", and upon what should they live if not upon the Secret Fund? Thus it has come to pass that more than once the majority upon which the Prime Minister has leant in the Chamber has notoriously been made up of impecunious members, whose squandered "indemnity" has been repaid to them by the Treasury on condition, of course, that they vote for the Government. *Quelles mœurs!* you may exclaim, but then you must bear in mind that these are the Parliamentary morals that the scramble for salaries is very likely to carry in its train. Of course, we English do not believe anything of the kind will happen here. We lay the soothing unction to our souls that we are not as others, that political morals in Great Britain are far superior to those in other countries, and that the English member of Parliament will continue to bear in mind that, in accordance with a time-honoured principle, which has more than once been consecrated by a legal decision, he is not a mere deputy—the slave of a mandate from which he has no right to depart. No doubt Mr. Harold Cox, Mr. Belloc and others who ought to know have been constantly declaring that this mild independence has been made a dead letter by the gradual perfecting of the caucus system. But at Coronation time let us see things *couleur de rose*. Other salaried branches of the English civil service have a well-deserved and world-wide reputation for probity. Need the House of Commons fall below the worth of the first-class clerk?

But now that we are going to pay our members, we may demand from them, as matter not of grace but of business, a little more than honesty. This is a business-like country, ostentatiously run upon business lines, and it would be an unheard-of thing if the taxpayers were not to be permitted, in a case of this kind, to obtain every reasonable guarantee that they shall get value for their money. For every other branch of the civil service there is an examination test. Why should members of Parliament be exempt? Is it suggested that their election by itself demonstrates their intellectual sufficiency? The honourable electors would not choose a man who was not entirely fit. No other test but their choice is wanted. Well, that is a pretty theory, but facts are against it. If any member in the chamber denied this, we should simply say, *Si argumentum queris, circumspecte*. It might perhaps be wiser to translate for him, If you want a proof, look around you. No doubt it has been difficult up to now to apply these tests to a candidate on the principle that you must not look a gift-horse in the mouth. But once he takes his £400 a year, he is in our hands—or ought to be.

At the first blush it might seem a difficult task to ascertain whether candidates for Parliamentary honours had attained a sufficiently high level of education and general knowledge to justify their receiving an annual stipend supplied by the taxpayers. But where is the serious obstacle. It would be quite feasible to arrange for a board of Examiners to set suitable papers to every candidate to test his acquirements. A minimum number of marks would have to be gained before he could be admitted to the electoral contest. The expense involved would be comparatively small; indeed, as in other examinations, the entrant should be made to pay a fee, and the State might even make a profit. As to the choice of subjects, it would be well to take a broad and catholic view of what a British legislator might legitimately be expected to know. Moreover, £400 is not a very large sum of money. Evidently History



and Foreign Languages should be among the first pre-occupations of the Examining Board. There are at present too many members of Parliament, and not among the least influential, whose ignorance of History would shame the fourth form of a preparatory school, and who are incapable of construing three consecutive lines from a French or German newspaper. We have even heard of a Foreign Secretary to whom French was Greek. They might well be made to do a special paper on later Roman history. The Roman Empire is the greatest and most fruitful lesson in government history can give, of which the average member of Parliament has so good an idea that he is fond of dragging Rome into his speeches, but nearly always as the awful example—Rome, the greatest feat and the greatest success there has yet been in much the same kind of government as that we consider peculiar to British Imperial statesmanship! We fear the mere fact of having passed through the curriculum of public school or university should not be accepted as evidence of sufficient mental training and intellectual acquirements. A good knowledge of geography ("the use of the globes") should be insisted upon. Literature also might be made a compulsory subject; stockbroking could be interchangeable with Yiddish. Especially we should like all members of Parliament to have some education in art; for they have often to decide on questions of sites for statues and sculptors for memorials. And Deportment must not be overlooked. Even dancing might not be amiss, for a fantastic touch would be a delightful addition, by way of relief, to many worthy members. Then Ministers have often to perform a most difficult dance on eggs.

The Labour party is something of a difficulty. It would be unfair to give them the same papers as the rest. One might insist that a Labour candidate should have passed the sixth standard and afterwards attended lectures at the London School of Economics. It is quite possible that the prospect of this test might seriously thin, if it did not deplete, the supply of candidates. But our Wrens and crammers generally would rise to the new occasion. Candidates' coaches would spring up; then the public school and universities would come along, and a Candidates' class would be started. Very soon there would be plenty with a clean bill to enter the election ring.

#### THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN BELGIUM.

BELGIUM has passed, within the last fortnight, through a political crisis, which in almost any other country would have necessitated a general election. M. Schollaert, the Prime Minister, introduced an education bill into the chamber. The bill was on the whole well devised. It left the heads of families the liberty all Belgians insist on. No one was to be punished by fine or imprisonment for not sending his children to school, but a man who did not send them to school was to have his default published. This absence of compulsion may seem to us slack, but at any rate it is not tyrannical. Every man was to be at liberty to choose what school his children would attend. Cards bearing the value of school fees were to be issued to every father of a family, and he was to use them at what school or schools he chose. This was a plan very continental, but very acceptable to the Belgian spirit. The bill would have been carried without a doubt, but the Belgian constitution requires bills to be considered in committee; the committees are elected by lot, and as the lot fell the united parties of the opposition, Liberal and Socialist, were in a majority. They determined to block the bill.

Not joined with the Opposition, but acting against the Government on the bill was the veteran chief of the Catholic Party, M. Woeste. It is over twenty years since King Leopold the Second compelled M. Woeste to retire from the Cabinet because his projects were too Conservative to please the country. M. Woeste has never held office since, but his services have been recognised in every way a grateful country could. In twenty

years things change: he who twenty years ago was too Conservative, and who holds to his opinions, is looked on to-day as an impossible statesman. Met with a blockade of the Opposition, and the demands of M. Woeste, the Premier felt he should retire. He had quitted the honourable and safe seat of President of the Chamber to accept the Premiership at a moment of difficulty. He carried through two great laws, one the military law which abolished the employment of paid substitutes and made it necessary for every family to furnish one son to the army, the other the transference of the Congo State from King Leopold to Belgium. For these things Belgium is grateful to him, and when he retired he was given an ovation such as few, if any, fallen Ministers have.

With the fall of the Schollaert Ministry the history of Belgium changes. In Belgium not Amurath an Amurath succeeds. A Catholic Government has gone. Another none the less Catholic has taken its place. Belgium is, and will remain, a Catholic country; but Catholics, while nothing varied in their religion, vary in their politics. The quarter of a century of power which the Catholics have retained in Belgium is due to their determination to defend the religious interests of the country, not to their union on all political matters. Now, the old Conservatives have gone. Those who might in another country call themselves Liberals, but who are Conservatives in the true sense of the word, have come into power. They are called in Belgium the Young Wright. Five out of the ten Cabinet Ministers belong to it. Five, also, are Walloons. So many Walloons were never in a Ministry before. One of the Young Wright, M. Renkin, the Minister of the Colonies, retains his portfolio. In the new Cabinet he will be joined by Henry Carton de Wiart, his fellow-citizen of Brussels, and his friendly rival from schooldays. M. Carton de Wiart is the greatest orator, the best writer, and the most energetic worker in Belgium. His acceptance of office adds much to the strength of the new Cabinet. He is popular with all parties, except one; and that party, if it can be called a party, gave the greatest proof of his value by twice trying to blow him up, and his family with him! It would be a slight exaggeration to call him the first champion of Labour Laws in Belgium. With his powerful voice in the Cabinet it is certain that legislation for the working people will be carried. It is also certain that this legislation will be sensible and moderate.

Belgium is one of those fortunate lands where prosperity and population are on the increase. The number of Deputies is in proportion to the population. It must now be increased; and, because of this, a General Election must be held next May. Until then the Education Bill will be put aside so that the country may pronounce upon it. In the meantime the Belgian Parliament will be chiefly occupied with Labour Bills, and a big project for the unification and revision of the penal code.

#### THE CITY.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange has been suffering from nerves and loyalty. Loyalty was expressed in elaborate preparations for a vocal and instrumental demonstration to be made on the eve of the Coronation, which more than a week before the event, showed that many practical minds were engaged upon other thoughts than share dealings. Nervousness, on the other hand, presumably led the Committee to decide to open the "House" for two hours on Saturday next, although it is a moral certainty that no business worthy the name will be transacted and no member of the Exchange who can possibly avoid it will be present. But rumours are in the air. "Something might happen", and so the Stock Exchange will go through the formality of opening and closing next Saturday.

The Birkbeck Bank position is still a source of anxiety, firstly, because of fears regarding the stability of other building societies and so-called banks, and, secondly, because, in a sense, the Birkbeck securities



are overhanging the market. It is quite certain that the stocks formerly held by the Birkbeck will not be hurriedly disposed of, but it is recognised that they will have to be absorbed and consequently large investors are not in any haste to make purchases at the present moment. Then it has been generally known that a big syndicate in the north was selling out good securities, including Consols and home rails, in order to meet speculative differences, chiefly, it is said, in the rubber market. Luckily the bull account in practically every department of the "House" had been reduced to exceedingly small proportions or there would have been a pretty slump and the rumours of trouble would have materialised with uncomfortable precision. As it is, the technical condition of the markets is excellent and in the last few days members have been able to view the position quite calmly while a few bold bargain hunters have picked up what looks like some very cheap stock. The seamen's strike is disturbing to holders of home railway stocks, but there is no doubt the railways are having a very good half-year and the reports which will come to hand next month will give general satisfaction. Consequently the people who have been taking up Midland Deferred, for example, in small lots as the price descended are hardly likely to regret the purchases. If the seamen's strike is prolonged prices may go lower.

Canadian Pacifics have soared to new high records since the dividend was deducted, but some selling orders from Germany, whence a good deal of the recent buying emanated, caused a reaction from the top. The American market has been strong chiefly on crop prospects, and dealings have become more active than for some time past. The idea prevails that the influential banking interests in Wall Street do not intend to give the bear pools an opening, and that therefore it is reasonably safe to take a hand in the favourite stocks. Even Denvers have been supported, despite the passing of the Preferred dividends. Mexican Rails have suffered another severe set-back. It will soon puzzle the ingenuity of American journalists to discover new troubles for Mexico. Revolution led to the overthrow of the Government, then came the earthquake, and now plague is reported. No doubt the stories are exaggerated; but Mexican Rails have no supporters left and the bears find little difficulty in depressing prices.

The South African market is overshadowed by the severe illness of Sir Julius Wernher, whose condition causes grave apprehension. Thus it is that some very fine dividend announcements, as for instance, the Modderfontein 9s., against 6s. at this time last year and 8s. in December, are practically ignored. The other mining departments have provided no feature. The Rubber market has been irregular, but the tendency is now firmer, and latterly quite a fair business was transacted in the leading shares as a result of the better auction results.

Oil shares remain almost featureless. At the Shell meeting Sir Marcus Samuel was able to show that the Royal Dutch-Shell combine is now in an impregnable position. They practically control nearly all the best oilfields in Europe and the East, and they have large cash resources with which to take advantage of every opportunity that the oil markets present. Eventually it will be found that the oil war has proved of immense benefit to the Shell Company. Ural Caspians are easier because shareholders are not pleased with the terms of the arrangement made with the "important commercial group". The control of the company is being handed over to the Royal Dutch-Shell and affiliated interests, and the latter have dictated autocratic terms which will bring them large profits if the company succeeds and infinitesimal losses if it fails. But the shareholders must submit to the inevitable, and consider themselves fortunate that their affairs are passing into the capable and all-powerful hands of the oil kings of Europe. Marconi Wireless Telegraph shares are rising steadily in expectation of a good report, and an interesting announcement therein regarding an important deal.

## INSURANCE.

### THE NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.

AS now presented the accounts of this society reveal the cause of the remarkable progress made in recent years. The home field having been partially exhausted, the directors extended operations to foreign parts, and a footnote shows that sums amounting to £487,817 have been deposited in Argentina, France, Bulgaria, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa for the security of holders of policies issued there. That these extensions have from one point of view been most successful is proved by the fact that nearly one-half of the total new business transacted by the society in 1910 was obtained in the nine countries named above. A new table, which we have abbreviated, shows the following approximate distribution of the new life assurances:—

		Policies. No.	Sums assured. £	Single premiums. £	Annual premiums. £
United Kingdom	...	5,482	2,559,200	16,381	99,059
Abroad	...	5,011	2,288,576	2,874	85,127
Total net new business		10,493	4,847,771	19,255	181,186

These figures will probably occasion surprise in the minds of those persons who have hitherto regarded the Norwich Union as almost a purely home institution, and even experts are astonished at the extent of the foreign connexions which have been formed in such a short time. In 1886, before Mr. J. J. W. Deuchar, whose death has left a gap in insurance circles, was appointed chief officer, the society was on a small scale, and its present great prominence has really been the work of about two decades. A text-book shows that in 1890 the life premium income was £165,575, and the funds, on 31 December, only £1,933,256, while the new assurances for the year amounted to 708,733, and yielded £23,735 in single and annual premiums after reassurances had been deducted.

After twenty years of vigorous development the Norwich Union is found to be in a vastly different position. In 1910 the life premiums yielded £1,179,215, and £116,354 was received from capital redemption premiums; consideration for annuities sold brought in £116,886, and interest (net) three separate sums of £308,913, £31,308, and £39,721. As a whole, the income amounted to £1,793,380, and of this £774,880 was added to the funds, which showed a total of £9,853,950 on 31 December last. These figures do not include the "Scottish Imperial" business, for which separate accounts are at present kept, but including that fund the total has now risen to £10,544,139, and is held as follows: Life assurance fund, £7,878,026; capital redemption fund, £883,194; annuity fund, £1,092,731; and Scottish Imperial Fund, £690,189. What is perhaps most surprising in connexion with the business of this society is the speed at which it grows. In the course of the past year the life premiums increased by £126,364, and the receipts from interest on life assurance account by £35,742. Seeing the office was established as far back as the year 1808 it might be expected to have a large number of old lives on its books. And this is so as a matter of fact, but the new business obtained in recent years has been of such large dimensions as to completely neutralise the usual effects of old age. Last year the total claims amounted to £489,414, including £66,926 by survivorship, and the £422,488 which had to be provided for mortality claims was £108,322 less than the amount expected according to the *OM* table employed in the valuations. Actually the mortality profit of the year was £162,583, because claims intimated to the amount of £54,361, but not paid at the close of the year, were included in the total, in order to strengthen the foundations of the business. But for this improvement the expansion of the funds last year would have been considerably more sensational, as the real amount saved was £829,241, and not £774,880 as shown in the accounts.

At present less than one-third of the total premium income is raised abroad. The revenue account shows

that last year £806,673 was received from premiums within the United Kingdom and £372,542 in British Colonies and foreign countries. As commissions cost the society about £41,063 in the one case and £72,835 in the other case, there is, it must be admitted, an appearance of comparative extravagance in connexion with the foreign section of the business. It by no means follows, however, that such was the fact. The great bulk of the premiums received at home were in respect of renewals, whereas the amount raised abroad evidently included a very large sum derived from new premiums, for it is in the new fields that the Norwich Union has been making by far the most headway of late. Although this fact cannot at present be proved from the accounts, it will be capable of demonstration a year hence. Meanwhile, it may be pointed out that the expenditure of the office is still moderate. Altogether the expenses of the life assurance department were about £205,993 last year, disclosing a general expense ratio of 17.47 per cent. This ratio is really a low one, because the new premiums represented 17 per cent. of the total premium income. Including the collection of nearly £1,000,000 of renewal premiums, general management, and the investment of the funds, the business was conducted at a cost equal to little more than one year's initial premiums. An analysis of the expenditure would show that savings on expenses account added materially to the surplus, notwithstanding the large amount of without-profit business which is now being obtained.

#### THE MONARCHY AND THE MECHANICAL AGE.

By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

THE title of Mr. Bodley's book\* is an injustice to its author and its contents; for it is not a mere description of a pageant, but an original and observant study of the political and social changes in England from the accession of Queen Victoria down to the present day. However, as the book has already been reviewed in the SATURDAY, my present business is with the new Preface—let us thank Mr. Bodley for eschewing the slang of "foreword"—to the new edition. Mr. Bodley has two "mother ideas", two cardinal propositions which he sustains both in book and preface—1. That the Monarchy is the only part of our ancient Constitution which has gained, instead of losing, prestige and popularity during the last seventy years. 2. That the changes in the conditions of human life, produced by the penny post, the telegraph, railways, telephones and motors, have changed the human character; and that consequently whatever political destiny may be in store for us, history will not repeat itself, as it has hitherto done. These are interesting and far-reaching propositions, which it would be better to examine than to deny, on the sole ground that they are paradoxical. 1. Incontestably Victoria saved the British throne. Another George IV., or even William IV., would have led swiftly to a Republic. And as the late Queen reigned for sixty-four years, and married a very wise and clever prince, she was a moderating, and sometimes a guiding, force in politics. But for a great many years, for nearly two decades after the death of the Prince Consort, she was far from popular. Under Lord Beaconsfield's advice, she emerged from her seclusion, and the steady glory of the last fifteen years of her life enabled her to transmit to Edward VII. a strong and popular sovereignty. How much of this popularity was due to the Queen's personality, and how much to the abundant prosperity of the end of the last century? It is very difficult to say. Nay: there is another question which requires an answer: how much of the popularity of the Crown was due to the fact that the Monarch had ceased to govern, and only reigned? The two predecessors of Victoria both governed, though not of course to the

same extent as their father. George IV. and William IV. both considered themselves entitled to choose and dismiss their ministers, and both did so. After the failure of the Bedchamber plot, and after an unsuccessful attempt to suppress Lord Palmerston, Queen Victoria abandoned this remnant of prerogative during the greater part of her reign, though she did choose Lord Rosebery to succeed Mr. Gladstone in 1894. But it was believed by the public at the time that Mr. Gladstone had so advised her: and if the truth had been known, there might have been unpleasantness. When the late King succeeded, the Sovereign had become the formal instrument of the Cabinet; and the consciousness of this fact, in view of an approaching revolution, must have terribly troubled Edward VII. Is Monarchy popular as an institution only because it is powerless and quiescent? Mr. Bodley asserts that in the event of a dispute between the Crown and Parliament, the nation would side with the Crown. I wish that I could believe this: but I see no evidence to support the assertion. Of course, it is true that the doings of the Royal Family are interesting to a very large number of people. Births, marriages, deaths, and clothes are the only things which interest the majority of women, who form the majority of the British race. The births, marriages, deaths, and clothes of the Royal family are prettier and more interesting than those of, say, the Asquiths and the Balfours. Democracy has been said to be a government of difficult ideas. The idea of a king and queen with their family of boys and girls, living in palaces, doing in gorgeous style what everybody else does, is easy and intelligible. Their life is a splendid novel, bound in crimson and gold, which everybody can read, and is eager to read. But how far this kind of popularity would go in politics; how far, for instance, it would stand the strain of a difference with a revolutionary House of Commons, it is almost impossible to say. Mr. Bodley is no doubt right when he asserts that without the Crown the Empire would fall to pieces in six months. The colonies have nothing else to rally round, for they can hardly be expected to be loyal to the changing Cabinets. If Great Britain were to proclaim a republic to-morrow, it is tolerably certain that the Dominions would go off "on their own". But it is dangerous to prophesy about politics just now. Mr. Bodley is an exceptionally well-informed and acute student of politics. Yet it is not ten years since he wrote that "the enhanced popularity of the Crown has increased the stability of the other elements of the Constitution". Even Mr. Bodley is not a prophet in his own country. The only thing that can freely be affirmed is that King George V. has won golden opinions from all by his tact, his reserve, and his absence of affectation.

2. When Mr. Bodley contends that the political revolution, through which we are now stumbling, has been induced more by the material changes in the conditions of life than by the extension of the franchise, I agree with him. It is true that some of the franchises existent before the first Reform Act of 1832 and abolished by it, namely, the scot and lot and potwalloper franchises, were more democratic than the residential suffrage introduced by that measure and extended by the Reform Acts of 1866 and 1884. Suppose, as Mr. Bodley puts it, there had been no mechanical improvements in life, no penny post, no cheap railways, no telegrams, no motors or telephones or electric light, no factory and workshop Acts and no education Acts, but that the present franchise had been extended to every man in the three kingdoms—does anyone suppose that we should now be about abolishing the House of Lords and imposing Socialistic taxation on the rich? The other day I saw a well-appointed four-in-hand coach pick up the foreman-painter from next door, suitably attired in Homburg hat and grey tweeds, and whirl him off, together with his brother decorators, to Epsom races. Consider the change that must be produced in the outlook on life of a skilled artisan by the fact that he can be driven down to the Derby like a lord! I further agree with Mr. Bodley that skilled mechanics, who can drive to the Derby like lords, are not likely to erect

\* "The Coronation of Edward the Seventh." By J. E. C. Bodley. A New Edition with a New Preface. London: Methuen. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

barricades, or shoot people in the streets. The best barrier against a repetition of the French Revolution is undoubtedly the prosperity and generous treatment of those who work with their hands. But when Mr. Bodley goes on to argue that the importance of the French Revolution has been exaggerated, that it has now lost all significance, and that it can never be repeated, I must join issue with him. That it will ever be repeated either in France, or in this country, in the form of barricades, murder, and robbery, I do not think is likely, or even possible. But the French Revolution, stripped of its accidental horrors, was a great uprising of the individual against State Socialism as embodied in the old French Monarchy. Under the Grand Monarch the individual Frenchman was nothing, and knew that he was nothing. He got tired of the game, and rose and killed everybody he could. The English Radicals of the same period—Paine, Price, Priestley, Bentham, Cartwright and Burdett—were also individualists, who did not want to kill anybody, but who protested as strongly as they could against the State Socialism of George III. and Pitt and Castlereagh. Modern Radicalism has swung over from individualism to collectivism: and when our democratic statesmen have pushed the collectivist experiment too far, there will be another great uprising of the individual. Of all the western nations the British is the least capable of submission to the hard collar of collectivism. How long it will take to push the collectivist experiment to the point at which the primal and ineradicable instinct to get and keep as much as one can, and to live one's own life in one's own way, will break out against the State official, it is impossible to predict. Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill will probably stir the embers of individualism in a manner that may surprise the collectivists of these days. The protest of the medical profession is an angry leap of the flame that never dies. I am a collectivist only in the sense of being frankly desirous of collecting (and keeping) as much as I honestly can; and I confess that the sight of the foreman painter driving down to the Derby like a lord was a great consolation, and the promise of many things to come. Disinterested altruism is surely one of the noblest sides of human character. But philanthropy in the mouth of the politician, who is "out" for votes, is a loathsome thing. You cannot kill the individual; and the time will come, sooner perhaps than our "social reformers" imagine, when collectivism will be dropped like a hot potato. May I be there to see! In his belief that the Monarchy is the winning and unassailable power in our Constitution, Mr. Bodley is supported by Lord Beaconsfield, whom he so often and so admiringly quotes. In one of his novels Disraeli observed that the influence of Parliaments was on the wane; and that the two powers which would increase were the Press and the Crown.

#### A.D. 1066.

IT is the feast of the Epiphany 1066 and the common field and the marsh lands of Thorney Island are black with crowds. Behind them is the palace of the King, before them is the new West Minster, the Abbey on which for fourteen years the artificers and masons have toiled. From the casement of that palace the saintly Confessor King Edward had watched the work as the builders set stone on stone until at last the noblest Church in England was finished and then the Bishops and the Earls and the Thengs and the wise men of his kingdom were called to London to witness the hallowing of the noblest of England's sanctuaries. And at the feast of Christmas they came together and beheld their saintly king and gazed on his cheeks that were like the rose and his beard that was like the lily and saw for the last time an earthly crown upon his holy brow. But when the day of the Holy Innocents dawned and Bishop and Abbot, Earl and Theng and burgher came together for the hallowing of the Minster, the King met them not, for he lay in his palace sick unto death and the task of the founder in the solemn rite was nobly done by his Queen, the Lady of the English, the fair

Edith, the sister of the Earl Harold whom they will crown for their king to-day. And yesterday strengthened by the Holy Viaticum the soul of the King has passed to Paradise and to-day his holy body has been borne on the shoulders of eight mourners the noblest in the land through the western door to the altar of S. Peter, the saint whom he loved, to sleep his last sleep and the Mass has been said and the poor have prayed for their benefactor's soul.

And now the Abbey that has seen its first royal funeral is being made ready in all haste for its first coronation. The crowd of folks hangs gloomily round the western door speaking only in whispers, for over it hangs the horror of a black darkness, for fame has spread the terrible prophecy of woe that the King uttered ere his spirit passed. "He told", whispers a shuddering priest, "and the Archbishop and Earl Harold heard him, how the men who hold high place in the realm—the Earls, the Bishops, the men in holy orders of every grade—are not what they seem to be in the eyes of men. In the eyes of God, they are but ministers of the Fiend. Therefore hath God put a curse upon the land and given it into the hand of the enemy and fiends shall pass through it." The priest has spoken and some of his hearers are weeping, when a rough thegn breaks in: "But thou hast not told how the Archbishop said that these words were naught but the idle babblings of an old man in his sickness." "The Archbishop", shrieks a woman, "Stigand is no Archbishop: he is no true priest." "He has a false pall that blessed Peter never gave him."

But as she speaks the anthem bursts forth and the crowd passes in by the western door and sees the great procession of Bishops and clerks as with bells ringing and with tapers lighted it winds its way through the great nave by the massive Norman pillars, still fresh from the workman's chisel, and between two Bishops walks the Earl, his battle-axe in his hand, until he reaches the altar beneath which King Edward rests, the altar on which two tapers burn and on which the royal crown and sword are laid. And then they see him fall prostrate and lie grovelling on the stones; and as he lies there, the noblest hymn of the Catholic Church sung by the choir of monks "Te Deum Laudamus" thunders through the aisles. But of what does the Earl think as he lies there? Has the fear and horror that has overspread the congregation no place in his soul, he who has stood so close to the dying Saint? But regrets are vain and the Earl rises and faces the people. And then forward comes Aldred, the great Primate of the North, and speaks to the assembled people, while Stigand, who is in name Archbishop of Canterbury, but has never received the pall from the Pope, frowns in the background. They know Aldred well. Has he not built the Church of Beverley? Is he not the only English Prelate who has seen the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and has he not left there a rich chalice? Has he not spoken for England, in the Courts of the Kaiser and the Pope? And Aldred asks them Will they have Earl Harold for their king? And from Bishop and from Theng, from housecarl and from serf, from man and from woman there comes a mighty shout "Aye, Aye". And then in loud voice Earl Harold swears that the Church of God and all Christian people shall have peace, that he will forbid robbery and wrong and will do equity and mercy. And now the great Prelate commences the dread invocation that precedes the solemn unction, that shall make an Earl into a King. He prays the God who of yore did mighty things for Abraham and David and Solomon to cover with His almighty hand His servant Harold who is this day elected to the kingship of the Saxons and the Angles. The Prayer is finished and the Earl passes to a platform on the left of the altar. And the Archbishop takes the horn of oil and pours the blessed unguent on the Earl's head and breast and arms. And the Monks sing the anthem "Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet anointed Solomon King", the anthem that for many a century shall be the Coronation song of Christian



Europe. And then the Bishops and the clerks crowd around the King and the albe and the dalmatic are put on his body and the sandals and buskins on his legs and feet. And Harold the Earl is Harold the King. And the Archbishop prays that the most sacred unction may descend into his heart and enter his soul. And then they take from the altar the royal ornaments. And first they place on the King's finger the ring, the seal of the holy faith. Then the whole band of Bishops draws nigh and they present the royal sword and the King is girded therewith. And then they place on him the royal robe. And thereafter the King sits down and they bring the crown and the Archbishop sets it on the Royal head and prays that Harold King of the Angles may obtain the crown of an everlasting kingdom. And then the Bishops place in the King's hands the sceptre with the cross, and the emblem of kingly power and the rod with the dove, the sign of virtue and equity. The Rites are over and Aldred raises his hands and gives the solemn benediction. "May the Almighty God stretch forth the hand of his blessing and guard thee with His grace for the sake of the merits of S. Mary and the blessed Peter the Prince of the Apostles and S. Gregory the Apostle of the English. And may He pardon all thy sins, and may He give to thee happiness in this life and the joys of the world to come." The King and the Prelates and people have gone from the Minster and the Abbot and the Monks are praying again around King Edward's tomb.

Eleven months have sped—and it is Christmas Day—the saddest Christmas that England has ever known. For of the brave men who cried "Yea Yea" when Aldred asked if the people would have Harold for their king, few will come to the crowning at the Abbey to-day. Some have found their graves by the banks of the Derwent when the banner of the Land Waster fell before the Golden Dragon of Wessex and Hardrada found his seven feet of English ground. Most of them have met a yet more glorious doom on the hill of Hastings when Harold and Gurth and Leofwine died. To-day there are again nobles and priests in the presbytery of the Abbey: and some of them were here when Harold was hailed as King. But with them are the dread Norman men of Hastings—Fitz-Osbern and Montgomery and the more fearful Odo of Bayeux and Geoffrey Bishop of Coutances. But the monks of the choir in their violet copes are again in their places and the same anthems that rang through the aisles when Harold grovelled before the altar are sung again as the Count of the Normans grovels there. Aldred and Stigand are by his side; but as Aldred anointed Harold so likewise shall he anoint William. The victor of Hastings has risen, the flush of triumph is on his face and Aldred cries to the people Will ye have the Count of the Normans to be your King? And in the French tongue Bishop Geoffrey shouts the same words. "Yea yea, King William" shouts the crowd, which knows that to resist is vain. And then William swears the oaths that Harold has sworn and more—he swears that he will govern the land as well as any of the kings that have gone before him. Suddenly a shriek of horror bursts forth that drowns the anthem of the monks. "Fire, Fire." The Norman soldiers without have been startled by that great English shout "Yea yea" and have hurled torches in the houses around. The dread illumination without lights up the Abbey and the tapers within burn pale. There is panic and shrieking within and a wild rush through the doors. Men and women, nobles and soldiers have fled from the church and the Conqueror's face has turned pale. Yet though he is almost alone with the Bishops and the Monks the Rite must continue. Aldred pours the oil on his head and on his breast and the tunic and dalmatic are placed on him and the ring is set on his finger and he is girded with the sword and the royal mantle and the Archbishop sets on his head the crown bright with gleaming gems and William holds in his hands the royal sceptre and rod of virtue and equity. And the King goes forth to make his

Coronation progress amid blazing houses and shrieking women, and murderous robbers. And the English folks murmur that King Edward has prophesied true things and that in England the Fiend is Lord.

## A CENTURY'S ART.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

A GAMEMNON was not the first hero nor the last. Heroes seem, as Americans would say, to keep on coming all the time. In art certainly this continual fresh supply persists, and such an exhibition as that at the Grafton Galleries is a good tonic for the pessimists whose tears water the grave of art. For it simply shows that within an arbitrarily chosen period, from 1810 to 1910, great men have done what none of their celebrated predecessors did, and by logical implication promises that the breed will survive to distinguish similarly the future centuries. At the same time the system on which this exhibition "illustrates the major tendencies" of its given period is queer. Including Mr. Sargent, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Strang and Mr. Harrington Mann; Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Newbery it suggests that the major tendencies of current art are to be considered. The limitations of this list, however, suggest clique politics and their responsibility for the inevitable deduction that Mr. MacColl, Mr. Steer, Mr. Tonks, Mr. John and Mr. Holmes all are yet unborn, unless they died before 1810. Neither is the representation of Millet, as a painter, good; no wonder that visitors have a puzzling five minutes in identifying the author of these tiresome early "freaks" with the J. F. Millet of "The Gleaners". But in the main and as an opportunity for a pause wherein to reckon up the stock of these hundred years, the exhibition is as interesting as stimulating.

By running through this stock we recognise what things are wearing well, what are worn out, and which are of permanent value. The tone is high, and in such atmosphere criticism is screwed up and appreciation quickened. Readily we answer to whatever real appeal these tried pictures make, and as instinctively reject what is mannered and out of touch with life. For at the end that is the paramount question, what revelation of life has been made. To what indeed but the slightness of his contact with vital reality does Burne-Jones owe his inadequacy? His drawings in the long gallery are comparatively quick, but "Charity" is no more than academic. We have but to contrast with the children in this piece the portrait, No. 51, by Arthur Hughes, and the sleeping child in Madox Brown's "Waiting", to see how sentimentalised and vain of revelation is Burne-Jones' deliberate convention. That which is so wonderful in childhood that none but the few can perceive, or at least translate, it is captured in a measure in Mr. Hughes' little portrait, despite its cramping convention, and unsurpassed by Madox Brown. Burne-Jones on the other hand, consciously aiming at some kind of mystic dreamland, created the type that inspired the wide-eyed mawkish sentimentality that now is the recognised thing, the symbol of childlikeness. To reveal life a man can only speak of the life he actually shares; deliberately to depart from his firm knowledge to go adventuring in a land of conventional formulæ is to make a barren voyage.

Blake's revelation is not of English Georgian life. But overpoweringly it is the manifestation of some life he shared in. His Elohim was as fully realised as were Rembrandt's Christs and Disciples. In the "Elijah in the Chariot" we see, I think, or rather feel concentrated effort to work from memory. The wild superb beauty of the horse, so consistently symbolic of its fiery nature, seems the most spontaneous part of this rendering of a vision. In the figure that stands with bowed head, and thrust forward arms so strangely covered by the flowing beard, the labour of setting down from memory a curiously striking action is felt. We cannot doubt the intensity of Blake's conviction of actuality; the very naiveté of his compositions, for instance No. 127, is proof if more than the extraordinary

intimacy of his "Job" or "Elohim" were asked. As for his penetration into more or less ordinary things the twilight sea in "Job" expresses more than words will carry; and who of English artists has, from the point of sheer design, equalled his sense for "glorious shapes" and scale? When we pass from this atmosphere of height and depth (wherein we find too Millais' "Ferdinand and Ariel" of 1849 and Rossetti's "Girl at the Window") to Lawrence, Hoppner and the sentimentally self-conscious Boys by Raeburn the drop is deep. It is yet deeper to Mr. Mann's "chic" group that registers the change in times and manners distinguishing the fashionable portrait of 1910 from that of Lawrence's day. Hoppner's dull official-looking piece is placed next Goya's treatment of the same school of sitter. But how different, owing to the wit and irony of the Spaniard. Lawrence as the English Ingres can be studied in his "Lady Blessington". Three other portraits, or rather two, for Manet's "Faure" is disappointing, hold us by peculiar insight into subsurface life. Courbet's "Portrait", No. 9, reveals in a measure that few painters have compassed the troubled restlessness of melancholy. Quite other the revelation in Mr. Nicholson's "Miss Hannay", a portrait typical of this younger generation of woman, the especial product of our time. Ladies painted in the "chic" school of portraiture can easily be seen as beauties of the Restoration period; Gainsborough's and Reynolds' best essentially are late Georgian; "Miss Hannay" exclusively is twentieth century.

Mr. Strang best finds himself in portraiture like so many of his countrymen. I do not think he has exhibited as good a picture as "An Imaginative Painter". In design and characterisation this is a striking canvas quite outclassing the tiresomely arranged and Academic figure piece next it. The colour scheme, happily purged of purplish flesh tints, that now Mr. Strang has found a home for in a ham (No. 97), and of obviously engineered theatricality is singularly pleasant. But though with Mr. Strang we thus find ourselves come to 1910, or Mr. Cameron's deeply felt "Luxor", yet so far quite inadequately have we reckoned up the richly varied content of these hundred years. Blake's pole and complement, Beardsley, is after Blake the most remarkable English artist in this period. Poles apart in actual expression, the one making visible an invisible spiritual world, the other making palpable the grosser thoughts of physical desire, yet they are linked together, and together stand apart in virtue of their powers of transcending the obvious.

Then adding his unique contribution to the fund of masters there is Daumier, whose lithographs, Nos. 170-175, are complete unrivalled art. As black and white, as designs monumental in their strength and scale, and as revelations of profound human emotion his drawings, which came out in the ordinary sheets of journalism before cameras and modern processes combined to exterminate reproduced art, are incomparable. Cotman, the most solitary master of English landscape, also must be counted in. His "Waterfall", No. 16, seen again after some years, places him yet higher in our annals. For his intensely individual expression, while forestalling much that latterly has come forward in the guise of novelty, sent to table as "synthetics" and the rest of it, yet was able to reveal the large mystery and infinite tenderness of nature. Abstract in the sense that Cotman confined himself to using the comparatively few important planes, with a deliberately restricted colour scheme, but still profoundly subjective, as all great art must be, his work shows a style and individual reserve no other painter has. From such a piece as this we once more see how all-sufficing is this strict economy of means. For what, after all, can we require of landscape more than this rich surface of pigment, this quiet wealth of colour, akin to some perfect tapestry, this noble design and intimacy with Nature's heart?

To many perhaps Wilkie's pencil draughtsmanship is unfamiliar; the opportunity then of realising his mastery of line and of form expressed in line should not be lost. In the end gallery, whose walls are thick with

interesting and beautiful things, hang some excellent examples, in particular Nos. 157 and 162. Nor should Stevens' little bronzes or his "lay in" of a head in oils (No. 37) be missed. This portrait is a masterly instance of completeness at every stage: abandoned after a few hours' work this painting none the less is a complete statement of tone relations and of character. Watts' richly sensuous colour and his expression of the sublime in decoration and thought; Corot, of whom there is exhibited a most amusing early landscape in which what we mean by Corot is crudely promised in the sunlight and the shadows on the silvered grass, even as Millet is foreshadowed in the trees and the large simplicity of his "Printemps"; Turner, Constable, Whistler, Manet, Ingres, all are represented in this century collection, all contributed some new thing to Art.

At the Carfax Gallery a new Society, bluntly christened the Camden Town Group, is on view. Mr. Sickert's sordidly convincing series of the "Camden Town Murder" seems to suggest a clue as to the selection of this name. This sort of contact with life in its gross and bestial aspects, these pictures and drawings of which Mr. Sickert is undoubtedly a master, must inevitably limit more and more his range. We cannot deny that by their peculiar intimacy of feeling they reveal life. But on the other hand the question remains what sort of life is it and what especial intellect, or wit, or finesse is required to apprehend it. If there be any qualities the practice and theory of art can stimulate, they are finesse of perception and subtle consciousness of immateriality. The other members of this Group might belong to any Society without violating whatever articles of faith they have signed. Mr. Lightfoot, a quite young artist, shows refinement and sympathy of vision, and such simple reticence of treatment that his presence in this group of Fitzroy Street blades is inexcusable. Another presence, Mr. Walter Bayes, at least advertises the freedom of creed this Chapel professes.

In the Galleries of the Royal Institute, in Piccadilly, the Pastel Society openly publishes a curious fact. One would think that if artists took the trouble to form themselves into an especial group, whose particular *raison d'être* is the use of Pastel, a predominant regard for and understanding of the limitations, advantages and peculiar properties of pastels would characterise their exhibition. But no; with remarkably few exceptions, notably Mr. J. R. Duff and Mr. Gwelo Goodman, the members of this Society seem quite unaware that their medium is distinct, and to yield tolerable results demands a special treatment. Pastels used as pastels are capable of unique charm; used as a sort of oil colour they are stultified.

#### CORONATION VISITORS.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THERE is a certain royal family visiting London at this time whose acquaintance is well worth making. You will not meet them in the streets, or at any of the august receptions now being held in honour of distinguished visitors; they have not been invited to the Abbey; they pay no visits of ceremony; they only receive. The formalities which you must observe, although simple, are strict: you must possess yourself, in a regular and proper way, of a small plaque or medal bearing a portrait of the late King Edward; and this having been scrutinised and accepted by a uniformed official at the outer entrance of their residence you pass through the various courts and ornamental gardens of the estate until you come to the inner palace. Here another set of uniformed officials are waiting; you present another medal identical with the first one, and if it is found satisfactory you are admitted into the Presence. In other words, you pay a shilling for entrance to the White City, and another shilling for entrance to Bostock's Menagerie therein, and go and look at the beasts.

But these are not ordinary beasts. There is nothing more painful or disagreeable to the humane person than the ordinary travelling menagerie with its evil-smelling

cages, inhabited by cramped and sulky creatures who have periodically to be stirred into activity with a pole. There is nothing of that kind at Bostock's. A large and airy building is surrounded by clean and wholesome compartments in which are ranged a really fine collection of lions, tigers, pumas, leopards, jaguars, bears, wolves, hyenas, and so forth. If you are too grown up to retain your natural childish interest in such things do not read any more of this article; it will not interest you. There is no pretence at scientific interest in this menagerie; it does not, with the exception of "the only living gorilla in captivity" and two unknown leopard-like animals, contain any rare or unique species. It is frankly a show, with lots of great big roaring lions and tigers, dozens of them, each with its name and personality, and appointed place in the highly organised life of Mr. Bostock's establishment. For practically every wild beast in the place is trained, and takes its share in the series of hourly performances that go on in the arena, where you can see the various trainers, men and women, walking calmly about among large groups of lions or panthers or bears, or even tigers; making them group themselves in various imposing combinations, making them even perform wonderful tricks, and perhaps, when they have thrilled you to the marrow by just escaping from an outstretched claw or a gaping and roaring mouth, tapping the offender over the nose and pulling him by the whiskers.

I have paid a great many visits to this family and spent many hours watching them, making friends with them or talking to their human companions, and it has come as an agreeable surprise to me to find that many of the unpleasant ideas about wild beast taming are quite untrue. Most people have disagreeable visions of red-hot irons and sharp forks and cruel whips being used in the subjection of wild animals. It may be true in some cases; it is certainly not true of the system adopted by Mr. Bostock. And although I hope in a more advanced civilisation the keeping of wild forest animals in a state of captivity for purposes of mere entertainment will no longer be tolerated, yet while the thing exists among us it is only right that the showman who treats his beasts well and keeps them in beautiful condition should be distinguished from the one who inflicts cruelty as well as restraint upon his prisoners. Mr. Bostock's fame is, I take it, the reward of his system; and his unique success with wild animals is due to the fact that it pays better to be kind to them than to be cruel.

As a matter of fact this august assemblage of forest creatures who condescend to come into the arena to perform are not, except by accident, tame at all; they are quite natural and wild. There is probably no such thing as a really tame lion or tiger in the world, although there is a certain Louise at Bostock's, a full-grown lioness, who probably does not know what it means to be angry, and who, if she did not hurt or damage you by her sheer bulk and weight in playing with you, would certainly never hurt or damage you in anger. But she was not taught to be tame; she has merely a naturally sweet disposition, discovered more or less by accident, since she is not treated as a household pet. All that these animals are taught to do is to obey their own particular trainer; in other words they are broken in to obey the human voice, the eye, and the whip; and I believe the process of breaking-in to be no more cruel than that of the breaking-in of a horse.

The system is briefly this. A newly imported animal is first accustomed to the sight of his trainer, who alone feeds him and attends to him, but never touches him or goes near him until it is obvious that the animal has got to know him and is good-tempered. This process may take anything from one to twelve months. Even then the trainer will not go into the cage; but when the beast is considered ready for it, he is turned one fine morning into the arena, and the trainer goes in with him. If the beast behaves well nothing further is attempted, and the process is repeated for several days until he is accustomed to being in this large space

alone with his trainer. The tools used are quite simple—an ordinary cart-whip, a long steel rod with two short prongs at the end of it, and, in the case of savage animals, a pistol with blank cartridges. The trainer keeps pretty close to the animal, always facing him, and no animal at close quarters will rush against a pointed iron bar held out towards him. The pistol is merely a protection in the extreme case of an animal getting his trainer down on the floor and mauling him, when a couple of blank shots fired in his face is enough to send him to the other side of the arena. But, as a matter of fact, these things hardly ever happen; and when a beast has got used to being in the arena his instruction begins. He is taught to get up on stools of varying heights at a tap of the whip on them; not a very difficult lesson when pieces of meat are used as rewards and enticements. No animal of the cat tribe likes to spring from the top of such an unsteady pedestal as a stool; what he does like to do is to reach out with his paw and grab at the trainer as he passes. Therefore the trainer keeps just out of reach; but if the creature is well fed and fairly contented such passages of arms as occur are more in the nature of a rather dangerous game than a serious attack. Docility is always rewarded by caressing tones and by the whip. By the whip, because, contrary to the fond impression of the audience, the whip is used chiefly for caressing. There is, I imagine, a considerable art in gently tickling a tiger about the face with a cart-whip; I should feel very nervous in taking my first lesson in such an art, but there is a great deal of hypnotic influence in the process, as you may try for yourself—not with a tiger and a cart-whip, I mean, but with an obliging friend and a twig or branch of a tree. "The whip", as a famous old trainer once told me, "is for the audience, not for the beast." That is sufficiently brilliant not to be literally true. The average lion regards a whip not as an instrument of torture, but as a peculiar extension of the human arm, capable of reaching suddenly to unexpected lengths, capable of fondling or caressing or playing, always in correspondence with the human voice; and capable also, of course, of sudden and severe punishment in case of any disobedience to the understood rules.

This applies to the ordinary arena performance which the public likes to see; but far more interesting are those rare cases, of which there are several at Bostock's, of animals handled without whip or implement of any kind; that pretty comedy, for example, played by Mademoiselle Aurora, the large full-grown lion d'Artagnan, and the bob-tailed sheep-dog Chocolat. Mademoiselle comes and sits in the arena with Chocolat on her lap and reads a newspaper. Behind her the iron doors swing open, and in walks a very terrible-looking specimen of the full-maned lion. He strolls about the arena, smells at a tree of artificial flowers (and generally knocks it down), and then comes up to the young lady and lays his huge head on her lap beside the dog. All this is admirable because it is purely automatic, without direction of any kind from anybody; it is genuine acting, because the lion may be summoned from his den to play his part at any hour of the day which the arrangement of the programme may require. And when they have all three played with one another for a little, the lion and the dog sit in chairs at a table and share a meal, after which the lion rolls on his back and the dog worries his mouth. After that the lion rides round the arena on the back of a horse, but I do not think that either he or the horse enjoys this part of the programme. It is wonderful, but in a less beautiful and charming way than the wonder of the caressing trio, the girl, the lion, and the dog. I asked one of the attendants if d'Artagnan was as pleasant with everybody as with his own trainer. "Not always", he said, "if I meet him in the passage I have to look out for myself." The passage, I may say, is a long wooden tunnel by which all the cages communicate with the arena; and I can hardly imagine a less pleasant place to "meet" a lion, especially if his trainer is hurrying him up from behind.



They are a wonderful family, human as well as feline and canine and ursine; a real family where everyone has his appointed work; and performers, trainers, monkeys, lions, attendants, mewling panther kittens, rattlesnakes, and elephants all seem inextricably mixed up together. If I were to give an account of all the performances—there are some fifteen "turns", all with different animals and trainers—I should fill many columns of this REVIEW, besides overstepping my own department of it. But I recommend to "P. J.'s" attention the highly dramatic performance of Mme. Morelli's jaguars, and of Mr. Pearce's hyenas and bears; while Mr. Runciman would not find beneath his notice the performance of the gayest elephant I have ever seen, Mary Ellen, who plays real tunes on a mouth-organ, beats a drum in strict time with the band, who waltzes like Pavlova, lights fires and warms milk and feeds a baby, and sings. If we are to have Coronation Exhibitions at all, as I said last week, the more visitors of this kind, the better. And the fact that many of them are denizens of our British Empire, and come from our colonial dependencies overseas (I am glad to have used that word at last), ought to commend them to some very grown-up persons who might not otherwise be interested in them.

#### THE WORST PLAY IN LONDON.

THE production of "The Crucible" at the Comedy Theatre is like the father of Christy Mahon—a terrible and fearful case. The only other play in London of which no good thing can be said is "The Butterfly on the Wheel" by Messrs. Hemmerde and Neilson now running at the Globe Theatre. "The Crucible" is also by Messrs. Hemmerde and Neilson, and seems to have been accepted for that reason. It is the application of the one approved formula of stage management. Given a play which promises to run for a long time, every manager apparently falls over his brethren in his eagerness to get another play by the same author. The result is often a mechanical repetition of every vice in the old play without even the freshness of a first effort. The eagerness of managers to get a play with a successful name to it clearly shows how very dangerous it is to assume that the vulgarity of popular taste is entirely responsible for bad plays. The idea of a theatrical manager as an astute man of business, giving the public what it wants with an unerring instinct for its needs, is untenable on the results of every London season. No doubt the manager would pander to the vulgar taste if he knew how to do it. But no one has ever yet discovered what the vulgar taste really is. There are inartistic, untruthful, ugly, indecent and meretricious things which the public has liked and approved. But when a manager assumes that anything which is inartistic, untruthful, ugly, indecent and meretricious will by virtue of these qualities also be approved, and, what is more important, paid for, the result shows him to be wrong as often as he is right. I do not know whether "The Crucible" will be a successful play. I have not discovered the formula; nor is it a critic's business to find one. I would not put on a shilling either way. There is no reason why it should succeed because it is stupid and unpleasant and written by Messrs. Hemmerde and Neilson. It is true that "The Butterfly on the Wheel" has all these advantages, and is running still. But there is no rule; and the mere rule of thumb by which "The Crucible" has been produced shows that the managers themselves know that there is no rule. I have made this point before in a previous article; but it is repeated here of set purpose. I am intensely persuaded that the bad plight of drama to-day is quite as much due to nervousness and lack of intelligence in theatrical managers as to the want of taste in their public. If the managers would have more courage, and choose, or get competent persons to choose for them, plays of real merit and matter, I am sure the result would astonish many who think there is no safety

but in trying to be level with the baser sort of intelligence. At any rate, the managers could not be more often wrong than they are now, even if they simply made a practice of choosing for production plays which they could not understand. To choose a play simply for its author is as much a confession of failure on the part of a manager as was Mr. Bannel's stout refusal at the Little Theatre to give an opinion of Fanny's play till he knew who wrote it. The managers are continually confessing that they are unable on merits to know whether a play will please: but the name of a successful author gives them heart and hope. Fortunately there is little business in a mere name, and sooner or later the manager is badly hit. The hypocrisy of the public in matters of art has at all times been exaggerated. At present there is very little. Either it likes a thing, or it does not. The portion of it that sits through a play or a symphony because it is the recommended thing with a pretence of being interested and delighted when it is not is a very small one. The public is definite of mind; goes where it will; and likes what it will. It is more honest than the managers who cling to a reputation when they are at their wits' end for a play. As to the quality of its judgment, however degraded it may be in an absolute sense, I am sure that a man who was more afraid of being beneath its standard than above it would more often please than the manager to-day who seems to dread nothing so much as being too deep or too good—subtle he calls it as a rule—for his customers.

There is no point in which "The Crucible" is not the worst play in London at the present moment. Nothing could be less distinguished than the language in which its characters express themselves. It is all worn metaphor and stilted verbiage at which even Mr. Carton or Sir Arthur Pinero would stop his ears. No one ever talked as these people talked, and always we praise heaven for it. The hero of the piece stretches out his hand for the key—I forget whether it was not even the golden key—with which to unlock the gates of Paradise; and the curtain falls on a piece of dialogue of which any East End theatre of the people would be ashamed. (He:—There is heaven in your eyes, Mary. She:—But it is man that makes the heaven in a woman's eyes.) There is no character in the play which has not been seen a thousand times in the theatre, and never at all outside it. There is the shop-girl's idea of a duchess; and what little we hear of "society" and "all London" is in the stock phrases of the shop-girl's library of fiction. The hero is that particularly nauseous product of the stage made immensely popular by Mr. Alfred Sutro—the strong man of finance, who goes about with an aching heart looking for something that money cannot buy, and for something or someone worthy of his own superior character. The strong man in "The Crucible" is mad with virtue: he dodders with self-esteem. To explain his behaviour by the ordinary rules of human conduct would require a treatise in pathology upon the super-prig—British variety. It would be less bother and nearer the truth to consider his conduct as the result of the need of Messrs. Hemmerde and Neilson for matter of which to make a play with a big scene. Briefly the strong man loves a woman, but will not believe her to be the innocent young girl which, of course, she is. As he cannot believe in her virtue, but loves her very truly for all that, he asks her to be his mistress. He will not marry her: she is not clean enough for that. She is worthy perhaps of his love, but not of his honourable, strong, reputable and honest name. Either the strong man is intended to be mad; or Messrs. Hemmerde and Neilson are working towards something big in a dramatic way, to which they are ready with the inspired recklessness of the modern playmaker to sacrifice for the time being the sanity of their hero. We are not long in doubt. The young woman has a brother who wants £20,000 in a hurry. If he does not get £20,000 he will go to prison; for to help his sister he has speculated with money which belongs to someone else. Here, then, is a dramatic situation as poignant as anyone could desire.

The strong man will save the young speculator, if the young speculator's sister will be his mistress. It is "Measure for Measure", re-written in modern form by Messrs. Hemmerde and Neilson. The young woman, like Isabella, is inexorable; and the young speculator begins to shoot her. This seems to work some sort of change in the soul of the strong man; for suddenly he begins to believe everything the young woman tells him. Why, indeed, should he further doubt? The need of his doubt no longer exists, for the big scene is already finished. He now discovers that his beloved is worthy of marriage even with himself, and the play ends to the dithyrambic satisfaction of everyone.

It is not possible to do full justice to these absurdities by a bare recital. It might be possible for a man to act as the strong man acted. Like a hero of the Incorporated Stage Society pattern he might have no great respect for mere marriage, or even prefer a union outside the law; and as a test of courage he might in an Incorporated Stage Society play propose an irregular partnership in preference to the legitimate thing. In the Incorporated Stage Society play of Monday last—Mr. Fernald's "The Married Woman"—there is a hero who, the other course being impracticable, actually proposes an arrangement of this kind with the heroine to the immense and virtuous delight of every advanced person in the audience. But Mr. Fernald's hero is not mad. He is merely, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, incurably romantic in his views of social relationships, and unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw, a little tiresome and eclectic in their expression. But the strong man of "The Crucible" has, so far as we could gather, no views about marriage, or about anything at all, but of what was due to himself as a great-hearted fellow. On this subject he is voluble to the end. He moves about the stage spilling strength, virtue and emotion with every jolt of his person. Short of actually blubbing the British strong man of the stage is permitted every emotional excess. He may rage with self-conscious virtue; forgive luxuriously; pity himself almost to tears; despise the world in long speeches; renounce all vulgar things with a splendid quietude born of the conviction of his own nobility; and neither he nor his audience seems for one moment to feel that there is anything particularly disgusting in his incontinence. However, I hope and believe that this particular stage figure is not quite so robust as he was. A few years ago he was worked nearly to death, and has never quite recovered. His re-appearance in "The Crucible" is something of a test. Is the public tired of him? Let us pause and see what happens at the Comedy Theatre.

"P. J."

#### BLESSINGS.

IT'S what I thank God for each night—

A little cabin that's mine by right,  
The strength of a man for work or fight,  
And food and light.

It's what I thank God for each day—

A wife with never too much to say,  
A wife, a dog, an' a child for play,  
For those I'd pray.

I thank God for the land I tread,

A pipe to smoke, and an easy bed,  
The thatch I made that's over my head,  
And daily bread.

I thank God for an Irish name,

And a son of mine to bear the same,  
My own to love me and none to blame,  
No more I'd claim.

W. M. LETTS.

#### LETTERS FROM WILDER SPAIN.

BY WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

##### AMONG THE FLAMINGOES—I.

POSSIBLY there are few birds which at the same time are more generally known and about which less is generally known than the flamingoes. Their great size, abnormal structure, remarkable length of neck and leg, and brilliancy and variation of colour, all alike tend to make pictorial representations of them popular and unmistakable, whilst their habit of congregating in huge flocks, not only during the winter months but also throughout the nesting season attracts the attention of the least observant of those who may chance to traverse regions where they are to be found. Hence is it that the bird itself is familiar to many travellers who have seen it at a distance but who have had no opportunity of visiting it in its haunts. For these are as a rule in remote spots difficult of access where it is hard to follow the bird and still harder to approach it.

My own knowledge of flamingoes is mainly confined to two districts, one on the lower reaches of the River Guadalquivir, about eighty miles north of the Straits of Gibraltar, and the other, the extensive marshes bordering on the Atlantic along the Morocco coast about an equal distance south of the Straits. During the last thirty-six years I have occasionally seen flocks varying from a few birds to several scores crossing the Straits or feeding when on passage at the mouth of rivers near Gibraltar, but such movements seem to be less of a migratory nature than of a shifting of quarters, for reasons only known to the birds themselves and possibly determined by the amount of rainfall or the tidal conditions at the places where they find their food.

A large flock of flamingoes on the wing is a sight which is not easily forgotten. For they have a habit of indulging in aerial evolutions similar to those of the waders and some waterfowl, and as they wheel around in dense masses and the sunlight falls on their rapidly changing ranks, the spectacle is both marvellous and beautiful. A pack of wigeon or of shore-birds such as dunlin, as it suddenly wheels, will change colour from dusky brown to silvery white according as the light falls on the dark backs and the upper surface of the wings or the white of their under surface and breasts. Similarly a flock of Lesser Bustard, a species which delights in flying in close formations at great heights in flocks of a hundred or more, are at one moment conspicuous even at some miles distance by reason of the glittering white of their rapidly moving wings whilst next instant, as they wheel and the light falls on their russet mantles, they are lost to view. But beautiful as are these alternations of colour and of light and shade, they are in no way comparable to the marvellous changes in colour of a flock of flamingoes wheeling at a distance. For at one instant the whole mass seems to be of the purest white; next moment the light falls on the crimson wing coverts and as successive ranks of the birds incline and wheel, the colour quickly changes from snowy white to a delicate pink and the pink increases in intensity until it becomes of a rich rosy hue and then perhaps as quickly fades away and becomes white again. A big flock of flamingoes, as it thus wheels and sweeps, now upwards, now downwards, resembles a mysterious diaphanous cloud of alternating white and pink, eddying for no apparent reason above the heat haze of the marismas. Nor are these the only changes in colour, for yet another sweep may perchance throw their white underparts into shadow, causing the flock to assume a delicate pearl grey tint which almost merges into the light mists above the shimmering surface of the lagunas. And so do these marvellous changes continue in endless variety. Such are the joys of the bird-lover at the distant view of flamingoes on the wing. But to approach these birds is another matter. For some reason or other they are excessively shy and wary even in the most remote localities and among people who do not trouble to molest them. I can recall how when camped on the shores of a big shallow laguna in Morocco, a miniature inland sea, which was much frequented by these birds,

all my attempts to get near enough to watch their movements and habits were unsuccessful, the birds invariably taking to flight when I was still some hundreds of yards distant.

On the Spanish side of the Straits, the vast flooded plains and slob-lands intersected by deep tidal channels which form the delta of the Guadalquivir have been from time immemorial a favourite resort of the flamingoes. Large portions of these slob-lands are overgrown with dense marine vegetation and such spots do not attract these birds in any numbers, although small detachments come to the more scattered portions to seek for food in the labyrinth of small open channels and pools with which they are threaded. The main flocks of flamingoes, however, congregate in the immense open shallow lagunas where they can be seen standing in deployed battalions and brigades extending sometimes for a mile or more across the placid waters. They vary their haunts from year to year according to the amount of rainfall and consequent extent and depth of water of the flooded lands. Thus of a dry season many congregate during the nesting period on the marismas adjacent to the lower reaches of the river, whereas after a wet spring they work up-stream and attempt to nest in small colonies on remote muddy islands amid the waste of water and slob. I use the expression "attempt to nest" with intent, for owing to the value set on their eggs as an article of food by the local people no sooner has a party of flamingoes selected a nesting station and commenced to lay than some predatory cattle herdsman or wandering native sportsman detects it and makes a clean sweep of every egg. So it comes about that very few, if indeed any, young flamingoes are hatched off in this upper portion of the marismas. Added to this even in the remoter and less visited parts lower down stream, in most cases the shallow lagunas which surround the nesting stations for miles must inevitably drain off and evaporate before the young are of any age, and the fierce Andalusian sun soon converts any dried slob-land into baked and fissured clay. Whether such conditions are inimical to the rearing of the young birds, I cannot say positively, since I have never been at a flamingoes' nesting station in the months of June and July. Assuming that flamingoes, after the manner of geese, sit on their eggs for twenty-eight days and reckoning from the earliest date when I have obtained freshly-laid eggs, some of them should hatch off about the middle of June. But whatever happens, it is a widely accepted belief among the denizens of the marisms and adjacent villages that the flamingoes never rear any young on the Guadalquivir, and the puzzle to the folk who hold these views is to explain how the birds manage to keep up their vast numbers with no apparent diminution year after year.

The only practicable way to visit flamingoes in their haunts is by riding a horse or a mule, preferably one of those extraordinary beasts, born and bred in the islands of the Guadalquivir, which have a simply marvellous knowledge of the slob-lands and of where and where not they can go with safety. Walking is out of the question, for distances are so great and the mud is so tenacious and fatiguing to traverse that a few hours on foot will wear down the most determined pedestrian. In some places a light canvas boat would be useful for a time, but at others it would be a nuisance and encumbrance, and hence it is that the horse supplies the one and only means of exploring these wastes.

It is after riding perhaps for some hours across the interminable flats of the marisma country, now struggling through deep mud, or anon splashing through water knee-deep, that one suddenly becomes aware of a shimmering and scintillating mass of white along some portion of the horizon. This is the first impression produced on the eye as the light strikes on the lines of flamingoes in the far distance. Not uncommonly the snowy white mass seems to divide itself into two or more horizontal bands which quiver in the hot air and seemingly open apart and close again. This curious spectacle is due partly to the reflection in the water of the tall birds standing nearly five feet

high, but is mainly caused by refraction, and the "mirage" which now and again makes the distant white line appear to be double and treble its vertical height.

Owing to the great stature of the birds and the absolute flatness and open nature of the lagunas, these large flocks can be sometimes seen at almost incredible distances. But no rule as to this distance can be laid down, for when the sun has not chanced to illuminate their plumage I have more than once failed to notice the presence of a large flock standing motionless and actually ridden past them. Later on upon turning round to scan the horizon with my glass I have suddenly become aware of the flamingoes, for the pearl grey of their forms when in shadow which had made them invisible against the distant atmosphere of the horizon had when struck by the sun at a different angle suddenly changed to a mass of pure white. Very interesting is it for a lover of birds to attempt to approach such an assemblage. As the horseman gradually lessens his distance from them by circling round and feigning to ride past them, their suspicions become aroused. It is extraordinarily difficult to judge distances correctly across the surface of these lagunas, but I reckon that at about four hundred yards the flamingoes usually begin to feel anxious at the approach of a stranger. The outlying or rather outstanding members of the congregation now commence to walk away in a slow and dignified manner. Yet, even now, their general appearance is white, but as one draws nearer a wonderful change takes place. First one and then another, followed by yet others, extend their great wings and take to flight, and as they do so, the intense black of their big primary feathers, hitherto concealed by their folded wing-coverts, suddenly comes into view, creating a startling metamorphosis. Yet more astonishing is the instantaneous change of the hitherto white mass into one of every shade from a delicate rose-pink to a rich coral red. For every bird seems to have its own gradation of colour, some appearing to the eye to be absolutely crimson and others entirely white. This is due to the varying tints of their wing coverts. But whether a flamingo be of the palest pink or richest red, every bird as it rises presents the same curious spectacle of a broad white tract up the back, set on either side by pink or crimson wings tipped with great black quill feathers. And a very marvellous sight it is. As a rule, flocks thus disturbed will only shift their quarters for a few hundred yards. But if followed up and alarmed in any way, they will take wing and fly right off to some more secluded spot, possibly many miles distant.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE CORONATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Grosvenor Road, Westminster S.W.

14 June 1911.

SIR,—It is time, and more than time, for those who love the Abbey to protest against its being made the scene of future Coronations. It is already sad enough to see the grand old church shrouded in wood to make a British holiday—thus "bad begins but worse remains behind".

The other day I saw piled up on the quay opposite my dwelling here by the riverside, a ship-load of gigantic beams. Prompted by curiosity I inquired of a workman the destination of this mass of timber. "Westminster Abbey" was the laconic reply. I felt sick at heart at the pity of it all! The builders of the wondrous fane never for a moment dreamt that it would be subjected to the cruel strain of supporting the population of a small town, piled tier upon tier to the very triforium. It is enough to make Henry III. turn in his grave.

Time and London fogs have laid heavy hands upon the fabric—all that remains is a crumbling shell; and



even now, in spite of the most careful handling, irreparable damage has been done by concussion and chafing, with the result that the "restorer" will have to be employed to make good as best he can the harm wrought by the builder and contractor in providing seats for the mighty!

I am fully alive to the reasons, sentimental, historical and constitutional—and we are such great sticklers for the Constitution—that render it desirable for the sacring of Majesty to take place in Westminster Abbey, but reverence for that oratorio in stone should outweigh all other considerations. God grant that it may be many a year before another Coronation comes to pass, but when it does let S. Paul's Cathedral be chosen for the *mise en scène*. Wren's masterpiece is a newer and more stable structure, its architectural advantages afford scope for a grander coup d'œil; it would accommodate twice as many people, besides allowing of a longer processional route.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
HERMANN ERSKINE.

#### POLITICAL CORRUPTION AND THE FRANCHISE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

National Liberal Club S.W., 9 June 1911.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Respite Finem", finds in the revelations of the Nottingham election petition "the most eloquent warning against Adult Suffrage that has yet been forthcoming in this country". "It is clear", he says, "that the franchise as at present organised already includes a fringe of these 'undesirables' who value their citizenship at 5s. a head. No doubt a democratisation of the present *civitas sine suffragio* would lead to the introduction of a certain number of worthy citizens, but their inclusion would be dearly purchased by the wholesale admission of the most undesirable element in the State from the State's point of view".

May I point out that the argument is based upon a misconception? Beneath it lies this assumption: that the present limitation of the suffrage tends to exclude mainly that portion of the population which is "undesirable" because corruptible. That I believe to be entirely erroneous.

I will not labour the point that there are other forms of corruption besides the giving of votes in return for immediate valuable consideration. I will not point out that corruption has sensibly decreased as the suffrage has been extended. The real point is this: that under our present franchise the "undesirables" have not less, but more, than their due share of power—more, that is to say, than they would have under a system of adult suffrage. The limitation of the suffrage has succeeded in aggravating the evil it was intended to cure.

That is perhaps a startling saying. But it is the considered opinion of one who was until his death probably the greatest authority in England upon the electoral laws and their working. "Enough", wrote Sir Charles Dilke upon this very point, "that on this occasion one should suggest that the poorest people in the country are already on the electoral lists, while those excluded in most, though not in all districts, are on the average somewhat higher in the social scale than those who are generally included. . . In a word, vast numbers of the most 'respectable' among the poor, and of skilled or industrious workmen, are disfranchised now, while Mr. Bright's 'residuum' is represented among the voters in a very high proportion to its small numbers".

That fact once realised, the whole argument of "Respite Finem" is seen to be invalid.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
W. N. EWER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

179 S. Stephen's House, Westminster Bridge S.W.  
14 June 1911.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Respite finem" uses the case of East Nottingham as an argument against adult

suffrage. May I present another point of view?

The accomplishment of corruption, electoral or other, depends partly on the presence of corruptible elements, partly, and chiefly, on the opportunity afforded for corruption. The surest course of reform is removal of the opportunity. What is the nature of single-member election as practised in this country? The large body of voters whom we designate as good citizens range themselves in accordance with honourable principles in support of either of two candidates. But the result of the election depends on the votes of those who are readily influenced by the loosest and most unworthy motives. It was stated in evidence before the Worcester Election Commission of 1906 that there were 500 electors in that city—one-sixteenth of the whole—amenable to a bribe, and it is shown in each succeeding election petition that Worcester does not stand alone in this regard. The significance of these figures will be better appreciated if it is remembered that in the election of last December 156 seats were won with majorities of votes less than 500, and that it only requires a transfer of 250 votes from one side to the other to wipe away a majority of 500. It thus appears that opportunities of corrupt dealing are freely offered and as is often hinted and occasionally proved, freely used.

Yet the remedy is simple. It consists in giving one-sixteenth of the electors one-sixteenth of the power to determine the result of an election, and no more, and in giving similarly to other fractions of the electorate power in proportion to their numerical strength. This is easily done by means of enlarged constituencies returning several members under a system of proportional representation. Under such a system all important sections of "good citizens" are assured of representatives in number proportioned to their voting strength and, the inducement to the purchase of votes being enormously reduced, the practice would disappear.

On the question of extending the suffrage much may doubtless be said on both sides, but we should avoid attributing to such an operation abuses of which the chief cause is already in existence.

Yours truly,

ALFRED J. GRAY,  
Sec. Proportional Representation Soc.

#### "ORGIES OF EMPIRE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Walter House Strand.

14 June 1911.

SIR,—Mr. Filson Young's article on "Orgies of Empire" was a real joy to me. It is such a treat in these days of mawkish sentiment to see a man with a big stick get into the fray and lay about him with such unfeigned enjoyment.

There can be no doubt that the words "Empire" and "Imperial" are continually prostituted for journalistic and political and commercial purposes in a manner, which makes one, who has a little of the true imperial sentiment writhe; but quite the most harmless feature of it is this aspect which seems to affect Mr. Filson Young so deeply.

Mr. Filson Young has done a tour of the British Empire on the "All-red Route" at "The Festival of Empire", and it has annoyed him. That is a mistake. I have done the same tour twice, and it has not annoyed me, although I have done the real thing three times since 1903.

There are not any "stuffed bus horses" on the route. The horses Mr. Young saw are most excellent imitations of the real article in earthenware. There was at least in this a reality that did not appeal to Mr. Young, or a reality that appealed beyond its deserts. I can assure Mr. Young, from quite a casual look at these wonderful quadrupeds, that there is no necessity to have them "stuffed".

Does Mr. Young object to the china cows in the milking-sheds, or would he have them "stuffed" also, and if not china, what better than "stuffed", except the

real article, which, Mr. Young must not forget, eats money.

Mr. Young says: "I do not think that exhibitions of dusty bunches of grapes and shocks of corn and bottles of fruit do anything whatever to cement the bonds of Empire."

Mr. Young is undoubtedly quite correct here, but there is, I can assure him, quite a possibility that this appeal to the eye may stimulate a few people to try to improve their lot by trying lands which offer them more hope than England, although I am far from agreeing with the people who preach the idea that any land is better worth living in than England.

Mr. Filson Young speaks of "various unhappy natives from various parts of the Empire" and "the frank vulgarity of the Coronation Exhibition. Let him go among the happy McGaris there. Let him listen to sweet-voiced Iwa singing love songs in perfect English, or crooning lullabies in her native tongue; let him listen to Maggie Papakura, the famous guide, telling of her native country in words that would shame many an English lady, and even he will derive a little instruction, and will learn that there are things that he must have seen and lived amongst to understand. He will learn that the true spirit of Empire means broadness and tolerance—and love. He will know that these things of which he complains so vigorously, and so amusingly, although in themselves objectionable, can do no harm to the cause of Empire, for it is so great and glorious a thing that no small things can harm it.

It is as easy for a man, who does not know the Empire, and love it, to be led astray by these small and unimportant things, as it is for him, if he does not know horses, to mistake excellent imitations of Colonial animals in earthenware for stuffed London 'bus horses.

I am, etc.,

P. A. VAILE.

#### THE IRISH PLAYERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

57, Constantine Road, Hampstead N.W.

13 June 1911.

SIR,—“P. J.” being on the side of the angels, will not, I am sure, object to criticism. I am aware by now of what “P. J.” can do by way of treatment of plays, and when I opened your last issue and read the heading “The Irish Players” I was eager to find an article on acting, for “P. J.” is of course acquainted with the opinion of those whose opinion we in London should for its playing than for the work played. But what did I find? A column and a half of writing about two plays, without use of the singular personal pronoun; a short paragraph, containing numerous “I”s, about a few of the actors. This is an important point. It is the opinion of those whose opinion we in London should consider that London criticism is weaker in relation to acting than to plays. To be blunt, there is practically no printed criticism in London that is worth a straw when it touches acting. It is simply a record of personal preferences. In this little tail-end paragraph of “P. J.” one discovers this confession of weakness. Here are phrases. “Of the Irish players themselves everyone will have his favourite.” “So far as I can remember.” “It may be pure partiality to my own particular favourite.” “Of Miss O’Neill I am always puzzled to decide whether I like her best humorously aged or radiantly young.” “I think.” And this comes after good writing about “The Playboy”.

But there are a few words of criticism and I want to examine them. “No player is ever out of the picture. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that no player is ever in the picture who has no business to be there. . . . loyal determination that no over-emphasis of any single part shall be allowed to spoil the whole.” After confessing his pure partiality to Mr. Sinclair, “P. J.” has an inkling that all is not well and turns the above italicised passage into mere words by the following destructive remark: “His fascinations are even perilous at times, drawing one’s attention, through no fault or

purpose of his own, from players who are doing things more pertinent to the scheme of the play”. This looks perilously like hedging, subconscious, perhaps.

Now, Sir, those who know anything of the inner history of the Irish theatre know that it is precisely this case of Mr. Sinclair as Michael James Flaherty which might have been discussed at length in the SATURDAY. To put the matter briefly, it is this: that at the most poignant moment of the play, when Pegeen has lost her playboy, the audience is respectfully trying to restrain its mirth, aroused by the richly funny business of Mr. Sinclair, who, in his drunkenness, is vainly trying to fasten the latch on the door. That is not in the text. It is over-emphasis. “P. J.” might have defended it; he has not noticed it. But I would bring to his attention the fact that it touches the one weak spot. The Irish Players have no authoritative producer. Miss O’Neill has objected strongly to this interpretation; Mr. Sinclair believes in it. It is an old trouble that any rendering by the Irish Players is the result of the general common measure of the actors’ artistic sense. Usually this collective sense is superbly right. In the above case, to my mind, there is a scandalous flaw. I happen to know as a fact, what is obvious as a deduction, that Synge did not sanction this running to farce of his glorious comedy, this “over-emphasis of single parts . . . to spoil the whole”. Of course this incident of the door is merely the climax of a process.

Yours faithfully,

LEONARD INKSTER.

#### THE MELANCHOLY JAKUES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place S.W.,

4 June 1911.

SIR,—“P. J.” thinks that it is but a poor recommendation of Jaques to cite the banished Duke’s appreciation of him, for the Duke is an amiable indiscriminating gentleman who “finds good in everything”. But “the uses of adversity” were surely to sharpen rather than to blunt his Grace’s insight. Nor need I urge that “everything” here means everything of the same class as the natural objects previously enumerated—viz. “trees”, “running brooks”, and “stones”, so that man is fairly outside the category in question. Possibly the phrase is reminiscent of that old tag of the schools: “Everything that is, is good; and evil is nothing positive but consists rather in privation”. No one claims a high afflatus for Jaques’ verses.

But they are a passable parody of Amiens’ lyrical plea for “the simple life”. Despite Jaques’ pretension that “he made them yesterday”, the lines are obviously an extempore effort. “Humour”, I own, has many significations; scarcely less wide is its use in our own than in Shakespeare’s day. Thus it means mood, caprice, disposition, as well as fun, and the faculty of seeing or producing what is funny. But can there be any possible doubt what Shakespeare means by the conjunction “humorous sadness”? Is there not the same antithesis in Quince’s phrase, “The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe”? I thought I said I did not press my reading of the Duke’s taunt. It may well be that Jaques is in the “sere leaf” of disillusionment—and the riper for it.

But Jaques is no mere canting moralist, nor was that a superfluous intervention of his in Act III. which turns Touchstone and the wench Audrey from folly and the dubious ministrations of the hedge-priest, Martext.

His humour is dry, sardonic, and corrective, serving much the purpose of sorrel among savours. Without it the lovers’ dithyrambs would have cloyed, and but for its saving unison some even of Amiens’ “wood notes” had sounded “falsetto”.

“P. J.’s” criticisms of traditional Shakespearean rôles are none the less stimulating and “full of matter”, and may I say, like Jaques, “I prithee, more”?

Your obedient servant,

F. O. CLUTTON.

## REVIEWS.

## HARDY FOR THE FRENCH.

"Thomas Hardy: Penseur et Artiste, étudié dans les Romans du Wessex." Par F. A. Hedgcock. Paris Hachette. 1911. 10 fr.

HIS name and the tameness of his French seem to prove the author of this book an Englishman. But in writing for a French as well as an English audience he has reached something like the level of those French critics who have lately charmed and instructed us with studies of our poets. His management is not unimpeachable, but he is good in analysis, and has some very good pages on the influence of Wessex and its importance in Mr. Hardy's work, on the novelist's so-called realism and on his fatalism. He need hardly fear the usual objection to studies of living writers, though he might have been still more free from attack had he extended his notice to the poems and "The Dynasts". The poems he only considers in so far as they throw light on Mr. Hardy's life and temperament. This, of course, is very far. So good and pithy are the early poems that Mr. Hardy was perhaps fortunate in withholding them until his reputation was made as a novelist. He is now commonly thought of as a novelist who writes unlovely verses. But had these verses appeared earlier and had a just recognition, the novels could not but have seemed somewhat perversely artificial.

In the poems we see him, as the critic says, possessed by the subjects of his own individuality and the mystery of life. "He studies with mingled astonishment and dread the system of the universe; he notes with precision the movements of the only thing of which he has a true understanding: his own soul. The type of mind which thus reveals itself would be rather romantic." He is "torn between reasoning which suggests a mechanical explanation of the universe and imagination which lures him to construct hypotheses upon the unknowable and to marvel at the fortuitous and unexpected elements in life". The poems prove "the continuity of a fundamental idea throughout Mr. Hardy's work". They prove also the strength and intensity of the sad lyric spirit which has since diffused itself dramatically, but not concealed itself, in the novels.

The poems, where he speaks in his own person and largely of his own thoughts and experiences, where he is obviously and naturally lord of the scene, are at their best more harmonious than his tales. They are the seeds of his later fiction. He has told us that he turned some of them into prose before he knew that they would see the light. It is a curious confession, and he has since shown an equally curious weakness in practically turning part of a tale into a poem, where he enlarges Marty South's reflections on planting a pine tree beyond all bounds of probability, showing in fact that she is but a facet of himself.

In this age it is perhaps useless to complain of the tyranny of personality in works of art, when it is the one thing which we unquestionably like. But Mr. Hardy's is an extraordinary case. Mr. Hedgcock calls him an objective novelist, though he sees that some of the characters in the novels have too lively a consciousness of their own feebleness, so that "there is between Mr. Hardy and his creations a very marked resemblance", and though in another place he takes exception to some of the obtrusive irony in "Two on a Tower". The fact is that the strongest impulses in Mr. Hardy are the storyteller's and the philosopher's. He glides over many difficult and interesting things in order to keep his narrative rapid and alive. The only thing for which he will pause is an ironical interjection. The characters who have a life in his books apart from the plot are the subsidiary rustics. If there is anything Shakespearean in the novelist it is they. They are Shakespearean in the narrow sense of being rather closely modelled on the grave-diggers, watchmen, nurses and

the like in Shakespeare's plays. It is true that these men and women are useful to Mr. Hardy and speak astonishing things in his vein, but they are also physical presences, which his more refined characters seldom are. Elsewhere he has several tricks which give a ghostliness to these characters, and seem to show that, valuable as they are in the weaving of his patterns of destiny, in themselves they concern him little. Thus he describes two men watching a girl and then one of them departing and the other emerging from a wood close to "the interesting object of their contemplation". Thus, again, in "The Fiddler of the Reels" his rejected lover settles down in London as if to a lifelong bachelorhood, and Mr. Hardy says: "For this conduct one is bound to advance the canonical reason that time could not efface from his heart the image of little Car'line Aspent . . ." This is perhaps little more than a trick of manner, but it is frequent and decided enough to have a powerful effect upon the reader. Sometimes it is no more than a momentary indolence in the workshop, as when he writes: "The girl's lips quivered. 'Seventy mile!' she murmured. 'Ah! 'tis enough! I shall never see 'ee again!' It was, indeed, a hopeless length of traction for Dan Cupid's magnet; for young men were young men at Casterbridge as elsewhere." The total effect is great. It establishes Mr. Hardy as the chief character in his novels, a "weird archimage" sitting alone,

"Plotting dark spells and devilish enginery",

and enjoying it after his fashion. If men and women are performing for the entertainment of a god Mr. Hardy has a seat. When the wife-seller returns to the place of the selling he goes over the day in his mind up to where he and his wife entered the tent which was the scene of it. "Then", says Henchard, "we saw the tent—that must have stood more this way". Mr. Hardy says: "He walked to another spot; it was not really where the tent had stood, but it seemed so to him."

The novelist is excessively fond of showing, when he has made someone do or say a thing, that he himself knows something else in the future or at a distance which will put a different complexion upon the first. In this mood he says about a lover's phrase: "Foreknowledge to the distance of a year or so, in either of them, might have spoilt the effect of that pretty speech. Never deceive her! But they knew nothing, and the phrase had its day." So doing he flushes to anticipate some far-off event and loses much to gain a very tenuous irony.

Laterly this spectatorial position, of greater curiosity than sympathy, may be held to account for the increased abstractness of his style which permits him to use such an expression as: "Their condition of domiciliary comradeship put her, as the woman, to such disadvantage by its enforced intercourse that he felt it unfair to her to exercise any pressure of blandishment which he might have honestly employed had she been better able to avoid him."

Mr. Hedgcock's study of Hardy's style is on the whole excellent. He finds to blame in it the tendency to abstractness and a frequent inharmoniousness of words and comparisons: in his examples he often coincides with Lionel Johnson, whom, by the way, he never mentions. But if it was worth while to give space to pointing out Mr. Hardy's carelessness, it was not only useless but absurd to lament that he did not work like Pater or Stevenson or Flaubert. We prefer pedantry or slovenliness in detail here and there to pervasive dandyism. Mr. Hardy has no touch of dandyism. If he had it would have come out in his verse. There, as it seems to us, his qualities appear in their intensity and in their most perfect harmony. What makes flaws in the novels is only an additional fulness of personality in the poems. They are the most transparent of all poems. Everything is sacrificed to truth; only a few words are sacrificed to rhyme and rhythm. He has no poetic mood. He says nothing in verse which he could not say—at greater length—in prose. Set the sonnet, "Confession to a Friend in Trouble" beside



an Elizabethan sonnet, and in the new we see life condescending to rhyme, and in the old, rhyme condescending to life. There is little felicity; there is much awkwardness and some sheer weight. But there is always a rich substance of action and feeling set down with a brevity beyond the reach of prose, but open to the accusation of being shorthand. In the narratives like "Leipzig" he seems a street balladist in whom thought has spoilt the tune. But the best are a pure expression of his brooding solitude—scores of them might have been made novels and been made worse. We should not be surprised if they conquered the artificial novels where the different ill-assorted elements of the writer's mind obscure not only life but one another. He was not, as Mr. Hedgecock points out, a realist, nor even a naturalist save in the one matter of sex; yet the novels make us feel that he ought to have been. The poems never do. In them his personality moulds and masters the facts of life, while in the novels it is seen tyrannising over them but never governing.

### THREE BOOKS ON FURNITURE.

"The Book of Decorative Furniture." Vol. I. By Edwin Foley. London: Jack. 1910. 25s. net.

"The Furniture Designs of George Hepplewhite." Arranged by J. Munro Bell. With an Introduction by Arthur Hayden. London: Gibbings. 1910. 15s. net.

"The Furniture Designs of Thomas Sheraton." Arranged by J. Munro Bell. With an Introduction by Arthur Hayden. London: Gibbings. 1911. 15s. net.

HEPPLEWHITE and Sheraton would have gasped in amazement at The Book of Decorative Furniture. Of another world altogether are The Cabinet Maker and the Upholsterers' Guide and The Cabinet Maker and Upholsterers' Drawing Book, two of a series of manuals intended to be, in their authors' words, "a repository of designs for every article of household furniture in the newest and most approved taste, serviceable to young workmen in general and occasionally to more experienced ones". They are the work of practical craftsmen who drew their own designs, bought their own wood, made their own furniture, advertised it in their own books, and sold it in their own shops. What was always in their minds was the necessity of making their living by satisfying their customers. It is not, therefore, surprising that working men in their position should have looked with little favour on the tastes and styles of former generations. Hepplewhite disposes of his predecessors in a single sentence: "The mutability of all things, and more especially of fashions, has rendered the labours of our predecessors in this line of little use; nay, at this day, they can only tend to mislead those Foreigners who seek a knowledge of English taste in the various articles of household furniture." In Sheraton's eyes Chippendale was out of date and The Gentleman and Cabinet Makers' Director chiefly valuable for its discourse on the Five Orders. A book that begins with the creation of the world, traces the development of furniture to the eighteenth century, and scatters its praise promiscuously on almost every age and style, would have been unintelligible to these working men in a generation that had not begun to collect. It is left to an age that has an old furniture shop in every street and fills its rooms with a medley of styles and fashions of every period to produce books like The Book of Decorative Furniture.

This does not mean that it is a bad book; it is what we should expect of a popular history of furniture issued in parts and filled with pictures. There are the usual slipshod history, the usual irrelevant details, the usual misplaced pictures. None the less it possesses considerable merit, chiefly for two reasons. In the first place the illustrations are excellent. Their number is legion, but all of them are good, and several

show pieces that are little known. Particularly commendable is the author's practice of grouping together several examples of contemporary furniture in the same coloured plate. The result is a pageant of the history of furniture in many scenes; and a proper subject for a pageant, for as Sir Henry Wotton said, "every man's proper mansion-house and home being the theatre of his hospitality, the seat of his self-fruition, the comfortablest part of his own life, the noblest of his son's inheritance; a kind of private principedom; may well deserve according to the degree of his master to be delightfully adorned". And secondly, an attempt, always worth making, has been made to show how closely the development of taste and fashion in furniture reflects historical changes in contemporary life. Take, for instance, the evolution of the chair or the table. In their process of gradual development we can see reflected most of the history of Europe. Between a mediæval oak chair and a heart-backed Hepplewhite or a painted Sheraton there is the discovery of the woods of America and the Indies, the disuse of armour, the evolution of a feudal castle into a many-roomed house. No less suggestive is the differentiation of the table. The long trestle table, meant to serve every purpose in a single great living-room, becomes a mahogany-table and a sideboard in the dining-room, a bureau in the boudoir, a tea-table and a card-table in the drawing-room. Those changes reflect a social revolution; they show that people have begun to travel abroad, to write letters to their friends, to drink tea, to do a number of things of which their fathers never dreamed. Then there is the fireplace. To pass from the cheminée of a French château to the grate of a modern room is to leave the centuries that burnt wood for a world revolutionised by coal. Whilst Mr. Foley has done well to generalise on these broad features he has also marked the more local changes due to particular events, the introduction, for instance, of Portuguese fashions after Charles II.'s marriage with Catherine of Braganza, or of Dutch styles with William III.'s accession, or of Chinese designs as the result of Sir William Chambers' travels in the East. This is an attractive field for a writer of furniture history. But there are two other lines of generalisation no less suggestive. In dealing with furniture, you can generalise from the material, and you can generalise from the maker. The substitution for instance of mahogany for oak or walnut, or of satin-wood for mahogany, meant a revolution in the furniture maker's art. Chippendale could never have carried out many of his designs in oak; Hepplewhite and Sheraton needed satin-wood for their finer work.

Perhaps, however, the most significant aspect of furniture history is the maker's. Why, for instance, while the names of mediæval painters and sculptors are remembered, should mediæval furniture be the work of nameless men? Why, again, when most furniture is called after a period, Louis Quatorze, or Louis Quinze, or Queen Anne, is the best English work remembered by the names of two or three working men? These are interesting questions. The answer to the first Mr. Foley apparently finds in the ecclesiastical system of the middle ages that, as its churches show, provided many workers but few names. No doubt also there was so little furniture that its makers were ignored. The armourer was a much greater man than the chair-maker. The manuals of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton help to answer the second question. Nothing but a few unimportant details are known of their lives. We know that Chippendale had a shop in S. Martin's Lane, that Horace Walpole does not mention his name, that Dr. Johnson disapproved of mahogany, and that Sheraton and Hepplewhite thought him out of date. Of Hepplewhite we know nothing; of Sheraton only that he was a mechanic who had studied perspective. All three worked hard for their living, received scant appreciation from their customers, and died in poverty. Yet they are better remembered than most of the kings and ministers and generals of the eighteenth century, and whilst the masterpieces of Boulle and his family are grouped under the name of a French king, these simple workmen

give their names to the best three styles of English furniture. It may have been that the lack of contemporary appreciation left them free to develop their own peculiar talents; there were no grand monarch and ateliers nationaux in the Louvre to enforce uniformity. They copied, it is true, the French styles, but they impressed upon them the individuality of real artists, Chippendale could mix the east with the west, or gothic with classic, and yet produce a masterpiece. Hepplewhite was always ready to alter his designs to suit changes of taste; he designedly followed the latest or most prevailing fashion only. Sheraton's early designs differ widely from his later styles. Yet with the exception of some of this later work the three furniture-makers are thoroughly English; their art is as English as the English garden. They were English craftsmen, working for English gentlemen, and practical designers publishing guide books for their fellow workmen. The subscribers to Chippendale's Director included the Duke of Northumberland and William Frank, bricklayer. Every one of the designs in the Guides reprinted by Mr. Bell is meant to be made up, and to be made up by a man for a man, not to be turned out by a machine for a unit of population. It was this personal interest in their work that made these eighteenth-century workmen study perspective, learn French and adapt the best foreign styles. They were artists, and they knew it. Without any feeling of inferiority they could collaborate with the best architects and painters of their day. Chambers, the Adams, Wedgwood, and Angelica Kauffmann put some of their best work into mantelpieces and chairs and tables. But now, how completely degraded is the furniture-maker's craft. To Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton have succeeded the riff-raff of Eastern Europe working in the slums of Hoxton and Hackney, and turning out sweated suites by the vanload. An architect no longer designs furniture; an artist no longer makes it. The amateur buys it, but not new. It is something, at any rate, to have developed a taste for what is good. There is at least some consolation in our discovery of the great masters and our efforts to restore them from exile in the attics and the servants' hall. But it is chastening to remember that if we want good furniture we must go back a century to the work of three small tradesmen who lived in obscurity and died in poverty.

#### A QUARREL ABOUT THE REGALIA.

**"The Defence of the Regalia." Edited by the Rev. Douglas Gordon Barron. London: Longmans. 1910. 16s. net.**

ONE of the questions which excited animosity in Scotland after the Revolution was, Who was entitled to be honoured as preserver of the Regalia of Scotland during the Rebellion?

The facts are: 1. That the Earl Marischal, having custody of the Regalia, entrusted them and other Royal property, with many heirlooms and cherished possessions of his own, to George Ogilvie, a gentleman of military experience whom he put in charge of the Castle of Dunnottar. 2. That when a prisoner with the Cromwellian army, the Earl authorised the Captain to give them up. 3. That the Captain, taking the sensible view that the Earl was not a free agent, refused; and thereafter considered that he held the Regalia for the King. 4. That the Regalia were successfully concealed in a church till the Restoration. 5. That rigorous search for them was obviated by John Keith, brother of the Earl, stating falsely, by direction of his mother, that he had taken them to the King, after which, in order to avoid apprehended torture, he produced a forged receipt for them dated from Paris. 6. That the Regalia were produced at the Restoration by Mr. Grainger, minister of the church of Kinneff, where they were concealed, and delivered to the King by the Earl. 7. That Ogilvie claimed to deliver them to the King himself, but the King refused to receive them except through the Earl. 8. Both the Keith family and Captain Ogilvie were rewarded. John Keith was made Knight

Marshal (and afterwards Earl of Kintore), George Ogilvie was created a Baronet, and both were granted augmentations to their armorial bearings.

The last fact caused Alexander Nisbet, when preparing his "System of Heraldry", to apply for information to both families, and thereupon a smouldering dispute burst into flames. Law-suits followed, and the Keiths got the verdict, the defeated making the invariable, and perhaps justifiable, suggestion that the Court, or rather the Privy Council, was corrupt. Is the controversy worth reviving? To most of us it seems sordid and wearisome, but we have to examine the latest work on the subject.

In the year 1896 the Scottish History Society issued a volume of Miscellaneous Papers, which included the present Earl of Kintore's letters and memoranda relating to the dispute, and the editor expressed his indebtedness to the Rev. Douglas Gordon Barron, minister of Dunnottar, and the Rev. S. Ogilvy Baker, Vicar of Muchelney, co. Somerset, present representative of Captain Ogilvie. These gentlemen are, we presume, dissatisfied, and Mr. Barron has compiled a large volume containing the Ogilvie documents and an introduction which contains some curious expressions, such as "open to assume", and "invertibrate and laboured phrasings". Mr. Barron's conclusion on the question whether Ogilvie or Keith is entitled to the halo of Preserver is not precisely stated, and he displays a laudable attempt to be impartial, but his latent opinion may be gleaned from the sentence, "An ungenerous assertion made long after the event that this (Ogilvie's) decision to retain the Honours, come what might, was arrived at under the pressure of the stripling brother of the Earl Marischal may be summarily dismissed as an impertinence, which the irritation of a bitter personal encounter provoked, but cannot possibly condone".

Now the person who concealed the honours at some personal risk and in a very clever way was Ogilvie's wife. She, who could have told us the exact truth, was dead before the Restoration. She arranged the business with Mrs. Grainger, the minister's wife, and purposely concealed the place from her husband, that he might be in no danger of revealing it under torture. (This constant fear of torture by Commonwealth soldiers is significant.) We suspect that Mrs. Grainger acted without the privity of her husband, and to these ladies we allot the chief merit.

The Keiths seem to have claimed that they were parties to Mrs. Ogilvie's action, and sanctioned it, but the evidence is against them, and indeed whatever part the Countess Marischal, mother of the Earl and of John Keith, may have played in the drama—we are disposed to think she was by no means a supernumerary—it is difficult to discover any part played by John Keith other than that of telling a falsehood, which he was directed to tell, and of producing a false receipt. Whatever Mrs. Ogilvie did was done as a wife, and the Captain of Dunnottar was entitled to the credit, but whatever the Captain did was done as an agent, and his principal was entitled to the Royal favour. We judge therefore that Ogilvie's attempt to give up the Regalia to the King direct was unjustifiable, but that if he had acted correctly, and had spontaneously given the Regalia to the Earl, it would have been the duty of the Earl to tell the King that Ogilvie and his wife, together with the Graingers, were the persons best entitled to his Majesty's notice. It appears that the Earl Marischal took this view, and there is complete absence of subsequent animosity on his part. He seems to have retained his friendship for Ogilvie to the last.

We observe on page 134 a list of tapestries belonging to the Crown, which at the capitulation of Dunnottar were seized, and are supposed to have been sent to Cromwell. It would be desirable to ascertain if they are now in the King's possession. On page 183 in the Ogilvie statement sent to Nisbet in 1700 a man who became attendant to Sir James Wood is called a "cadie", which will interest golfers.

Notwithstanding the doubt we have expressed as to present interest in the question, Who preserved the

Regalia? we are always grateful to those who print original letters. In the present collection are several small details, such as addresses in London; location of well-known persons at particular dates; the intercourse of persons of different rank but equal in blood. The student of history will also note the general feeling of those who, having crowned King Charles II. and continuing to call themselves his Convention of Estates, nevertheless knew their contest hopeless. The safety of the Regalia was not a matter of supreme concern, for there seemed little prospect of their ever being wanted, and the Peers having asked Captain Ogilvie for them, were content and rather relieved when he refused to comply, thereby exonerating them of a troublesome duty.

The volume is well printed and illustrated, but the index is far from perfect, many names in the notes, of witnesses and legatees, being omitted. There is a good pedigree of the Ogilvies of Barras, showing that the Captain of Dunnottar descended from the House of Airlie and his wife from that of Angus.

### THIRTY YEARS' WAR IN EDUCATION.

"Educational Aims and Efforts, 1880-1910." By Sir Philip Magnus. London: Longmans. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

IN 1880 the educational map of England resembled the intricate jumble of temporal and spiritual authorities which composed the geographical expression known as Germany before its unification and consolidation into a single empire. There were Church schools, British schools, Nonconformist schools, Board schools, private schools, science and art classes, grammar schools and public schools, enjoying no doubt in many cases an active and vigorous life, but given over incurably to what the Germans call Particularismus, with the result that in many large areas the higher forms of education, whether technical or secondary, were wholly wanting. What was worse, it was nobody's business to supply them. By 1880 the expectations aroused by the Elementary Education Act of 1870 had begun to be discounted, and thenceforth a feeling gradually arose among the more thoughtful that a much more wide and comprehensive measure of union and consolidation was necessary. The last thirty years have in fact been largely occupied by two campaigns in favour of technical and secondary education, and by a third which is only just beginning and which should lead to a real amalgamation of the two. There are two great turning-points which stand out in this long struggle—the foundation of the Central Authority in 1900, and the establishment of really strong local authorities in 1902-3, which ought to supply if they do not the experimentalising element.

Among those who have taken part in the thirty years' struggle is Sir Philip Magnus, who has just published what may be called his memoirs on the subject in the shape of a volume entitled "Educational Aims and Efforts". There are really two parts to the book, a preface or proem of some 140 pages dealing with elementary and secondary education, with schemes for reforming London University, technical instruction and present-day problems. This is followed by a suite of reprinted addresses. As regards the first portion, the frame is at times too big for the picture. The progress in elementary education is dealt with and dismissed in less than twenty pages, most of which are filled with the personal note. Some problems in secondary education receive a similar treatment. Sir Philip Magnus has no doubt in the past rendered serious services to the cause of technical and manual instruction, but by placing himself, so to say, in the limelight centre of each event he records he gives a false perspective to the whole. Those who took part in these educational crusades were numerous and distinguished. Imagine a version of the Iliad of which Diomed was the centre, with only those episodes in which he took an active share recounted, and some idea may be gained of Sir Philip's

educational tableaux vivants and their relation to the whole struggle. Had this proem of 140 pages been written by a third person, its striking likeness to a solo on the cornet would have been avoided and the real services of Sir Philip placed in a truer and less invidious perspective.

As regards elementary education, Sir Philip Magnus was chiefly concerned in assisting the movement for the introduction of manual work into the schools. For ten years he acted as President of the Association of Manual Training Teachers, and the first presidential address, reprinted in the present volume, gives a good account of the various difficulties the movement encountered at its inception, and lays down many principles that have since been largely adopted. In the section on technical education Sir Philip Magnus gives an interesting account of the work of the Royal Commission of 1881-84 and its missionary labours at home and abroad, labours which were ultimately crowned with success by the Technical Instruction Act of 1889-1890. In the sphere of secondary education Sir Philip appears to have rendered valuable service in the way of placing the teaching of science on modern lines. He also interested himself in the registration of teachers and the foundation of the Joint Scholarships Board.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is the author's study of present-day problems, and here he has much to say that is interesting. He notes the decay in parental authority, with little or no corresponding growth in respect for that twentieth century foster-mother, the State. He points out the strange paradox that "we spend millions of money annually on school training, and seem at the same time to be losing faith in its formative power". He notes the loss or lack of ideas in modern education, and advocates the inculcation of patriotism and preparation for military service. He speaks with anxiety of the growth of bureaucracy (1000 new officials created in recent years), and of the impetus thus given to the scholarship boy to seek a poorly paid post under Government, and neglect the better offer of commerce, a fate that has overtaken a large number of these ex-elementary pupils to the serious detriment of national energy, and he winds up with a plea to make our education more practical and more adapted to coming national needs. Whether his idea of taking education out of politics, to use an American expression, is feasible, is to us a matter of doubt. For our part we have little belief in Cowper-Temple compromises. In arithmetic the highest common factor is rarely the highest of any of the individual numbers concerned, and nearly always it is only one of several. Those, therefore, who try to find the greatest common measure of their various religious beliefs, probably do so at a sacrifice of what are to each, or at least to some of them, the most important factors.

### NOVELS.

"Brother Copas." By "Q" (Arthur Quiller-Couch). Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1911. 6s.

It is all very well for the title-page to tell us that "Q" and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch are identical; we know better, who have admired the taste of the poet and Oxford anthologist, and admired the Cornish tale-teller of "Troy Town" and "I Saw Three Ships", et cetera. But in "Brother Copas" the two have collaborated, and we have a book—may we say by "Brother Q"?—of merry wisdom, written by a poet, a scholar and a wit. We may quote to him, in full confidence that he will take up the verse, "Me liketh ever the longer the bet, By Winchester that jolly citie"; for although he may assure us that his S. Hospital has only a superficial resemblance to the Hospital of S. Cross, he cannot take us in with his profession of fiction in his descriptions of "Merchester". There is the river, there is the college—and there is the Pageant! Nevertheless, these externals are little more than the frame of his canvas, whereon he paints for us—not a plain tale, not a subject-picture—but



a jolly crowd of human fellow-creatures, some laughing with the world, some snarling at it; a little of the world's mud in one corner, and a great deal of the world's sunlight across the rest. There is something of heaven, too; of the clear welkin of man's aspirations, and of the clouds that his mortality draws across the firmament. The College of Noble Poverty contains both characters noble in heart and characters poor in spirit; there is the Master, "a Doctor of Divinity in Dresden china", as an American lady (or was it Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson?) remarked—a most lovable old man, as richly-coloured as a miniature in a fourteenth-century manuscript; there are the Brethren, Bonaday, Warboise, Clerihew, Woolcombe, and the rest, and Chaplain Colt, "the Reverend Major" in the Pageant—all clear-cut for better or for worse; there is the cheeky and charming little American girl Corona, as much out of place and quite as much at home in S. Hospital as a chipmunk would be in Westminster Abbey; and above all there is Brother Copas. We are no more willing to describe him than we should be willing to dilate to strangers on the merits of a bosom friend; to anyone who wishes to know him we would merely say that Brother "Q" has set him down here in black and white—some of each—for any reader to make friends with him. Either we are not told, or else we have forgotten (and don't much care to remember), the reason why a man like Brother Copas is spending his latter days in the College of Noble Poverty; he has a knowledge and a love of the world, a boldness and a wit in speech, that we think might have earned him a pretty penny in the literary world. One moment he is arguing on religion with the Master; at another he is struggling at the buttery-hatch of the kitchens for a cut of roast mutton to tempt the appetite of his sick friend; at another he is daring the rashest task of classical translation, and his lilted version of the "Pervigilium Veneris" betrays a ripe Latinity and a genuine love of letters. In an interval of calm criticism we might ask ourselves what on earth a verse translation of the famous epithalamium is doing in the four walls of S. Hospital; but not wishing to be either calm or critical about Brother Copas, we accept it as happily as we accept the rest.

**"John Verney." By Horace Annesley Vachell. London: Murray. 1911. 6s.**

This novel is a sequel to a story of school-life which Mr. Vachell produced some years ago—"The Hill". There were many, Harrovians and others, who hailed that book as a masterpiece and set it up beside "Tom Brown's Schooldays"; there were some, Harrovians and others, who did not welcome the book at all. In attempting the very difficult theme of a story of English public-school life, Mr. Vachell played the David-and-Jonathan gambit, introducing a diabolus named Scaife, who attempted to cut out Jonathan—John Verney—from the affections of David—one "Cæsar" Desmond. It is necessary to recapitulate so much, in order to hint that he plays the same story off on us again, with a difference: namely that, "Cæsar" being dead in South Africa, and John and Scaife having arrived at manhood's estate, Sheila Desmond takes her dead brother's place. As before, John Verney is the solid Briton, "regarding the world"—we quote an author of whom we are sure Mr. Vachell must disapprove—"as a moral gymnasium designed expressly for his benefit", and representing true blue virtues and traditional privileges. As before, Scaife is the type of mammon and unrighteousness, doing things which no English gentleman can do, such as cheating at golf. And as before, a Desmond is the prize for which these two contend. In the former book, no one who knew anything of the sentimentality of a certain kind of schoolboy could deny probability to Mr. Vachell's story; the difficulty in the present book is to believe in the attractiveness of Sheila. We have to assume that Scaife desired her on account of her father's position in the political world; and that John Verney, being of the type that tries to keep England always

where she was fifty years before, desired her on account of her submissive childishness and conventional femininity. However, we are assured that she was not without physical and financial endowment. She allows herself to become engaged to John for old sake's sake, and, when the discovery of this sears John's pride and he gracefully discharges her, allows herself to succumb to the charm and worldly success of Scaife. The climax is reached at an election, where Scaife and John are rivals, John being the honourable loser—of both the election and his temper—and Scaife the successful candidate. But of course it would never do for the diabolus to win in the end; and the happy discovery of a piece of political trickery of Scaife's puts the conclusion to his chances. The book is completely romantic in tone, despite several clever scenes and considerable power of characterisation; none the less, it is one of those novels for which we require a book-marker to indicate where we stopped reading last.

**"A Fair House." By Hugh de Sélincourt. London: Lane. 1911. 6s.**

Mr. de Sélincourt's new novel—his fifth, we believe—deals with the motherless Bridget Camden, brought up from the cradle by her father, with the help of his own old nurse and one or two friends and advisers. He is clear-sighted enough to know that he can only prepare his daughter for the final struggle, not help her to fight the fight of learning herself. She falls in love with Selby Parramore, a self-centred man and a clever author, who has sold his soul for popularity; but Parramore saves her from himself, and there is a kind young man to catch her and welcome her to happiness. Now, that sounds commonplace—a tale which has been told time and again; but it is a tale which can be, and should be, told at least once for every generation, as ideals and methods of upbringing alter and grow. And those who have watched Mr. de Sélincourt's real progress in sincerity and grip of essentials will guess perhaps some of the truth and charm with which he writes that tale for the present generation; yet in our opinion they will not guess all, for we think this book marks a distinct advance on the author's part. The opening chapters we cannot compliment more highly than by saying that they recalled, in comparison and contrast, the first part of "Multitude and Solitude"; a desolate man in the throes, cured by the necessity of loving. The recreating walk for which his friend Toby Warren takes the widowed John Camden is admirably described. There follow chapters, each a gem in low relief, telling of the development of Bridget at various stages of her career, surprising and delighting us by their mixture of candour and restraint. We may not quite swallow the facts about John Camden's publishing career; but at home he and Bridget and Toby and Margaret Warren live for themselves and for us. We think, however, that Mr. de Sélincourt's humorous insight into character comes out most strongly in his delineation of the two lovers of Bridget; Parramore is not wholly vile, and Tommy—well, we defy anyone to read the two pages which introduce him without instantly recognising him; we are only just not sure that he is good enough for Bridget. She, of course, is the central figure; and Mr. de Sélincourt has obviously studied her carefully in all the phases of her development—the baby's trouble with the starched white frock, the little girl's wonder about God, the grown girl's sudden collapse before the power of her own nature, and, throughout, her wide love of all things both great and small. Indeed, Mr. de Sélincourt puts us through "the bath of burning roses—from the fairy-tale we all love best", without failing to convince us that he is writing of our modern people. The book teaches the joy of living, and is therefore wise as well as young.

**"Creatures of Clay." By W. Teignmouth Shore. London: Long. 1911. 6s.**

"Creatures of London Clay" might have been the title of this book which deals only with the tragic history of the people of the great city and of their lives in its narrow streets. A district like Hoxton Market can

always furnish material for lurid drama, but it is not to the slum-dwellers that the author has gone. He has chosen the least picturesque class in the world, writing of the men and women who are respectable with difficulty and are interesting to none but themselves because their neat and ugly clothing has hidden their souls as effectually as their bodies. In the first few chapters there are none of the characters who do not seem utterly commonplace or hopelessly vulgar; to the end they retain most of their defects, but the progress of the tale shows them to be very human and the black coat of the clerk comes to cover something more than a stunted body. The tragedy of unemployment is the big item in the book, and the end is suicide. Mr. Teignmouth Shore is in some ways a bad story teller, for he is so terribly in earnest that he refuses to laugh at the quite obvious humours of Cockney life. Charles Dickens and Mr. Wells have drawn these same people; there has been no malice in their writing, but laughter and tears have been close together. But the most glaring defect of this novel is its manner of attempting to establish a too easy familiarity with the reader. Most people have a legitimate objection to be button-holed or dug in the ribs even when they are being told a good story.

**"Lady Fanny."** By Mrs. George Norman. London: Methuen. 1911. 6s.

At least two features of Mrs. Norman's work distinguish it pleasantly from much current fiction. Amidst so many novels that strain after the bizarre and the extraordinary, the facts of this story are only striking because they might happen to almost anybody. We do not doubt indeed that they have happened, in all essentials necessary to raise the issues here dealt with, over and over again. Next a book that ends on the note that renunciation is really attainment is a change after much implied doctrine that the passing hour was meant to be seized at all hazards. But if there is nothing new in Lady Fanny's meeting too late with her affinity, or in the moral of the very ordinary adventures of a lonely soul, there is much charm in their presentment and some extremely shrewd and delightful character-drawing in the sketches of the people with whom Lady Fanny comes in contact. The fashionable hedonist and the soi-disant emancipated young person will doubtless vote Lady Fanny the very slave of the conventions. Even so, it is impossible not to note the skill with which you are shown the cumulative effect upon her character of the hundred half-remembered little things of her seven humdrum years of married life. But behind the conventions stands an ideal: and that obtuse, self-centred, wholly lifelike country gentleman her husband, who after his fashion loved her, was perhaps more lucky than he deserved in that she recognised the fact.

#### KINGSHIP AND THE CHURCH.

**"The Great Solemnity of the Coronation."** By Douglas Maclean. London: Allen. 1911. 5s. net.

On the occasion of the Coronation of Edward VII. one of the most useful and interesting volumes in the literary output was Mr. Maclean's book entitled "The Great Solemnity". It is now republished with alterations and additions, the actual form of the order of the service for the coming Coronation being given in place of the order used when Queen Victoria was crowned. The volume abounds in interesting anecdotes and jottings concerning the Coronations of the past. The significance of the various ceremonies is explained in a pleasant and readable style, and in a word it gives us great pleasure to repeat and adopt the words of the Bishop of Salisbury, who contributes a preface. "I shall not be surprised," says his Lordship, "if it should prove one of the most popular books of the year, and one which its possessors will most care to preserve of all the memorials of this solemn rite." To the High Churchman this volume will have an additional interest, as the author, "faithful found among the faithless", adheres with firmness to the older tradition of the party, and insists that the Church has ever regarded the sacramental unction as conferring special graces to the spirit, as well as sacrosanctity and inviolability to the person of the recipient. No doubt, as every reader of Shakespeare knows, the doctrine of divine

right and of the sanctity of the Sovereign's "anointed" flesh was deeply rooted in the England of the sixteenth century. It was an even more powerful sentiment in France. But can it be truly said that the Church as a whole ever accepted the doctrine? That it was nigh to doing so we fully admit. The sacerdotal vestments used from time immemorial at the Coronation, the very language of the earlier English Coronation office, show plainly that the Church was in the earlier middle ages half inclined to regard the Sovereign as in a sense the member of the sacerdotium. One may even conjecture that if the contest over Investitures had not arisen the sacring of the King might have become the eighth sacrament of the Church. The Hildebrandine teaching, however, forced Rome into the opposite direction. The letter of Pope John XXII. to our Edward II. in reference to the unguent said to have been given to Thomas of Canterbury by the Blessed Virgin makes it clear that even in the fourteenth century the Holy See was somewhat inclined to minimise the effect of unction. The teaching of the great Jesuits on the royal office differed in no way from that of the English Whigs. Indeed, Algernon Sidney borrowed some of his ideas from Suarez. Protestantism, again, though it tended in its earlier stages to exalt monarchy at the expense of the Priesthood, was soon forced by the logic of its war against supernaturalism to abandon divine right and to reject the anointing. It was only in the Church of England and in a less degree in the Gallican Church that the doctrine of divine right in post-Reformation times has aroused the enthusiasm of scholars and divines. The Whig triumph of 1688 drove it from practical politics, but there are still some who think that Ultramontane and Liberal alike have never met the religious and historical arguments on which it rests.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"King Edward VII. as a Sportsman."** By A. E. T. Watson. London: Longmans. 1911. 21s.

Writing about royal persons seems to have disastrous effects on style. Mr. Watson has suffered in style with the rest. "Phenomenal" and the otiose synonym, set in a slovenly sentence, make as frequent an appearance as in a page of the "Sportsman" of twenty years ago. Records of light-hearted remarks by the King become fatuous from the pomposity with which they are set out; and the book fails from this want of selection. All is fish that comes to the net. It is a pity. Mr. Watson has accumulated much very interesting material, both about King Edward VII. and about Sandringham and Windsor and Balmoral. Several of those who have contributed to the volume write pleasantly and well. Lord de Grey's contribution is especially good, though the best part of it, some pages of advice on the art of shooting, is not quite apropos of the theme. On behalf of Mr. Watson, who is sometimes egregious when he deals with shooting, it must be said that he recovers when once plunged into the congenial subject of racing. The chapters on racing are full of information succinctly put together, and the photographs are excellent. In all respects the book is valuable for reference, and no fault is to be found with the collection of material. It is as a chronicle which should be pleasant to read that the book fails. It fails only less seriously than a book by another author published some years ago on a number of distinguished sportsmen.

**"The Encyclopædia of Sport."** Vol. II. London: Heinemann. 1911. 10s. 6d.

This second volume of the revived "Encyclopædia of Sport" extends from crocodile, which is followed by croquet, to hound breeding. The only fault we have to find is with the brevity of the natural history notes. For example, in the account of the red grouse no allusion is made to the exclusively British character of the bird or its curious habit of watering the young. It was a good idea to include an account of the Newfoundland willow grouse by that remarkable veteran of the island Judge Prowse; but he might have said more about the nature of the variety, which is a much-discussed point. Again, the account of the distribution of the grouse in England in earlier days omits essential facts. Perhaps such things are not to be expected in a volume devoted to sport; but the editors give just enough to create a desire for more. For the rest, the book is admirably done, a model for other encyclopædists. The specialists write well for the most part and condense with ability. The illustrations are frequent and good.

**"The Diary of Dr. John William Polidori."** Edited and elucidated by W. M. Rossetti. London: Elkin Mathews. 1911. 4s. 6d. net.

We have been somewhat disappointed in Polidori. Certainly he saw Shelley plain many times, and the observations of anyone who did that have interest. But, unfortunately

(Continued on page 754.)

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for the diary, Miss Charlotte Polidori, the aunt of the editor, read it many years ago and was so shocked by what she regarded as its indelicacies that she transcribed it in her own hand, left out the offending passages, and then carefully burnt the original. However, by some odd oversight, she left in one or two entries which must have shocked her terribly had she grasped their meaning; for instance, how P. S. (Percy Shelley) "keeps the two daughters of Godwin, who practise his theories; one L. B.'s" [Lord Byron's]. "Practise his theories", as Mr. Rossetti nicely explains, means "act upon the principle of free love"; but doubtless, as Mr. Rossetti says, Miss Clairmont was never the lover of Shelley—"one Lord Byron's" showing her actual position. So that Polidori meant that Shelley supported the daughters of Godwin out of his generosity, one of whom was the mistress of Byron. Other references to Shelley are interesting. "Bashful, shy", was the first impression Shelley made on Polidori; and there is an amusing little note in the volume about Shelley bursting into laughter when Polidori foolishly challenged him to mortal combat over some imaginary insult or injury. On the whole, however, after Mary Shelley's Memorials or Medwin or Trelawny, Polidori's diary seems very small beer. Bits of it were worth publishing, but not the whole—at any rate not the whole as doctored by the lady.

"The Mississippi River and its Wonderful Valley." By Julius Chambers. London and New York: Putnam.

Mr. Chambers, in his account of a river not quite correctly called the Father of Running Waters, brings both scholarship and enthusiasm to bear. He tells the history of the Mississippi, and describes in some detail the river's 2775 miles from source to sea. The river has, of course, played no small part in American history from the time of the early Spanish discoveries down to the Louisiana purchase and the civil war. "In finance its good name was tarnished by Spanish and French schemers; but self-reliant by nature, the majestic river redeemed itself as a highway for the international development of a Republic of free men. Its commerce has builded a score of populous cities, has made hundreds of millionaires, and has suggested vast railway systems that, for a score of years, took the burden of traffic from its bosom." But the railways have proved unequal to the expansion of business, and the Mississippi is once again crowded with the argosies of commerce. Mr. Chambers finds his theme worthy of "a wondersmith in words". His book is so well done and so full of interest, actual and historical, that we can forgive an occasional high falutin' touch. His appeal to the classics in order to show how marvellously rapid was the power of the United States to absorb and open up new territory shows a certain want of the sense of proportion, and reminds us that the book, attractive as it is, is after all American.

"The New Garden of Canada." By F. A. Talbot. London: Cassell. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

How little we know of the untapped riches of the Canadian North-West should be realised to the full by the reader of this picturesque and delightful description of a journey by pack-horse and canoe through New British Columbia. Mr. Talbot's jumping-off place was the rail-head at Wolf Creek—the "end-of-steel town". He made his way north and west through country in which an occasional pioneer is to be met with and here and there are to be found the beginnings of what will no doubt in a year or two be cities of mushroom growth. The wealth of the country, mineral, agricultural, forestal, is unquestioned; here are possibilities innumerable for the prospector, the farmer, and the lumberman. If Mr. Talbot be a trustworthy guide, and we see no reason to doubt him, the resources of the Canadian North-West have so far barely been touched. The men who have got in or are getting in on the ground-floor should some day reap a rich harvest in New British Columbia. Nor is it a land which the sportsman can afford to ignore: the Bulkley River apparently would bring joy to any salmon-fisherman's heart. The photographs with which, as Mr. Talbot puts it, the chapters are "embellished," thanks to the expert photographer who accompanied him, are much above the average in quality and effectiveness.

"Epping Forest." By Edward North Buxton. Eighth Edition. London: Stanford. 1911. 1s. net.

This is probably quite the most popular handbook to the Forest. It appeals alike to the excursionist and the more serious student of natural history. Mr. Buxton aimed to give the tripper an opportunity of discovering something more in this still largely primitive woodland than the coconut-shy and the merry-go-round which too often make the neighbourhood of Chingford and Theydon Bois hideous.

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